The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

# THERE HE GOES AGAIN

We assume it was the President himself, not his press secretary, who had the idea of dramatizing the importance of negotiation at last week's summit by presenting Mikhail Gorbachev with a videocassette of *Friendly Persuasion*.

Actually, this is the second time this film—"not as well known as some" in Reagan's words—with its Quakerly nudge toward nonviolence, has made history. The first time was in 1956, when it was the only film in Hollywood history to be released with no screenplay credit.

The reason for the omission: Michael Wilson, who wrote the script, was blacklisted. The producer, William Wyler, tried to list as co-authors his brother and Jessamyn West, who wrote the stories on which Wilson's screenplay was based. Wilson appealed to the Writers Guild to arbitrate the dispute, and the panel decided unanimously that he was sole author. But rather than credit a nonperson—and make no mistake about it, that's what blacklisted writers, actors and directors were back in the days when Ronald Reagan was president of the Screen Actors Guild—Allied Artists credited no one.

There is an obvious irony in a staunchly anti-Communist President praising a film by the kind of "subversive" he kicked out of his union in the McCarthy days. Or didn't he think the history of the picture mattered? After all, he once said there was no such thing as a Hollywood blacklist. Since the nonblacklist is nonhistory, why worry about a nonperson?

That's a bit too Orwellian for us. Here was Reagan in the heart of the "evil empire" lecturing his hosts on human rights yet never acknowledging that the suppression of American dissidents in Hollywood in the fifties launched him on the political career that enabled him to go to Moscow and deplore the suppression of Soviet dissidents in the eighties.

'COOPERATION' OR DEMOCRACY IN THE U.A.W.
Eric Mann

HEALTH-CARE GENERATION WAR
Amitai Etzioni

CONVENTIONAL-ARMS MYTHS
Ken Silverstein

THE LATE BILL BUCKLEY
Robert Sherrill

GAUGUIN
Arthur C. Danto

TEAMDUKAKIS

# VICTORY FEVER SWEEPS HUB

ANDREW KOPKIND

*Boston*

Boston in May was gripped by championship fever. This is a proud and competitive town, where sports inspire the souls of white men as elsewhere war or beauty fills hearts to singing. The ever-green Celtics were racing to their inevitable division playoff, the surprising Bruins had landed in the Stanley Cup finals and even the hilarious Red Sox had not yet begun their predictable early-season slump. In the Fenway Park of lowered expectations, better-than-.500 baseball is like a league pennant anywhere else. In the ubiquitous sports bars from which *Cheers* was cloned, April's Boston Marathon was still a glorious memory; by chance it was run the day before the New York presidential primary, which suffered by comparison in the media. Brothers from another planet might believe, with reason, that the life of the region was organized around sports rather than money or politics. Citizens on the street wore buttons, T-shirts and "gimme" caps proclaiming their hometown preferences, and the newspapers devoted special sections, editorials and editorial cartoons to the local sports heroes. Hopes were high.

In the company of a Bird or Boggs, Michael Dukakis is a somewhat subdued star, but this championship season in Boston could belong entirely to him. In fact, the Governor enjoys modest sports metaphors and the occasional locker-room anecdote. On the stump around the country he forges links with the locals by reminding them of players they know in some sport or other who have gone to or come from Boston. (Is it coincidence that Mario Cuomo uses the same gambit?) And after one of the

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# LETTERS.

## ROGIN REPLIES

*Berkeley, Calif.*

I apologize to Stanley Cloud ["Letters," May 7] for missing *Time*'s second thoughts about the marine sex and spy scandal at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. My concern, however, was not so much with which news journal first took back the spy story but rather with the eagerness of the media not only to believe government reports of sex for secrets but also to sexualize the Soviet threat beyond even official government rhetoric. If Cloud will look again at the original reports in *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News & World Report*, he will see what I mean.

*Michael Rogin*

## POETRY IN MOTION

*Philadelphia*

Raise the drawbridge! Load the catapults! Ready the boiling oil! The Vidigoths (*sic*) are advancing on Lady Weary's castle ["Poetry on Location," April 16].

Never mind that they might be stumbling through the prosodic bog, shoelaces knotted together, seeking passage or shelter, not to pillage. Led by the nearsighted village oaf, their approach is cautious, unsteady, a tad pathetic—and nonthreatening. But fire the flaming arrows! And defend Katha Pollitt's ascetic domain from their ordinary voices and visions.

The Public Broadcasting System's thirteen-part attempt to jazz up poetry and dead poetry [*Voices & Visions*] is nothing more than a helping hand extended to "cheerful philistines" and the rest of us interested in those irregular lines of print. Pollitt's rebuke of this rare video gesture is miserly, it being not the clean hand of Gabriel that is outstretched.

Yes, the series suffers in conception and execution. It can be didactic and melodramatic; it skimps on critical skirmishing; and it exalts personalities and images (not poetic images) as language and thought fight for attention. But those are congenital defects of television, as Pollitt surely knows. Clearly, the series is intended not as a sermon to the faithful (though they fill the front rows) but as an invocation to the unconverted in the back, the balcony, out working in the fields.

There is inspiration and pleasure in many of the recitations and images, as Pollitt gladly admits. And more often than not the visuals are literary, loony, banal, distancing or chaotic for the sake of video chaos—but much contemporary is similarly afflicted; that is more troublesome than this television series. Were there no helpful commentary, just disjointed pictures and words and fragments, Pollitt's scorn would be just. She could have mercifully beat up on public television over the number of cretinous stations that have not carried the series or have preempted it with fund-raising fodder, which occurred in Philadelphia for three weeks in March—a month (!) this city dedicates to poetry. Instead, she bullies the nebbish.

Poetry surrenders nothing because of this series; indeed, by providing access to these poets and their works it might just gain disciples unafraid of the dark, unafraid of the new. (Yes, yes, *it shouldn't be this easy*, but I'd gladly welcome stragglers into Pollitt's castle and encourage them to go farther, deeper, wider.) I know of at least one of her cheerful philistines who has just waded into the moat and found the life teeming beneath poetry's repellent surface. There is now one more reader of my "skinny books"—someone who doesn't expect television to conquer or supplant the spoken and written arts.

C'mon, Pollitt, company's coming; lower the drawbridge and let them dance in the turrets.

*Michael Winter*

## VOTE EARLY AND OFTEN

*Syracuse, N.Y.*

In your edition on student activism [March 26] you missed one part of the puzzle: electoral action. Students are turning to voting as a way of forcing action on progressive and direct student issues. In upstate New York, I know of three recent elections where a landslide student vote has made the difference. Politicians know it as well. Several years ago when we were lobbying on the drinking age, a state senator told me to call him back when students started voting. To see politicians now courting students is a pleasant twist.

*Richard Watts*

## 'PRAGUESTROIKA'

*New York City*

It would greatly surprise the people of Czechoslovakia to learn that Jefferson Morley declared the Prague Spring reform movement of 1968 an "uprising" ["Krauthammer's Surrender," April 9]. Obviously, he confuses that nonviolent action with the revolt by the Hungarians in 1956. All the Czechs and Slovaks attempted was to reform the Communist system peacefully and to give "socialism a human face."

Just as wrong is Morley's statement that Mikhail Gorbachev has "rehabilitated" one of the leaders of the Prague Spring, Alexander Dubcek. In fact, Dubcek remains a nonperson in Czechoslovakia, living in enforced seclusion, barred from public life and unable to engage in public activity. The only comments of his that have seen the light of day in recent years have been his statements smuggled out of Czechoslovakia to the "capitalist world."

No change in Dubcek's fortunes can be expected, since Gorbachev has installed as the new head of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia one of Dubcek's archenemies, Milos Jakes, whose credentials are strictly of the Stalinist type.

Morley can check on the "*perestroika*" introduced by Comrade Jakes, as it appeared recently in Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia, where the police brutally attacked a religious assembly. Gorbachev may be rehabilitating comrades dead fifty or more years now, but not reformists like Dubcek. If Morley's premises are so wrong, can his conclusions be right?

*Olga S. Hruby*

*Morley's description of the Prague Spring was inadvertently modified during the editing process. Hruby's clarification is appreciated.*

## APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

*New York City*

On December 4, 1986, fourteen former leaders of the New Jewel Movement and People's Revolutionary Army of Grenada were sentenced to death after an eight-month trial that, in the opinion of many eminent jurists, such as Ramsey Clark, was a gross miscarriage of justice. They had been accused of ordering the killings of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop and several of his Cabinet members. The appeal of this verdict began on March 8, 1988. So far, all efforts to have the appeal heard by a constitutional, regional court system, in which minimal standards of justice would apply, have failed.

It is the United States that invaded and occupied Grenada, that set up the current puppet government and that paid for what is by all accounts a kangaroo trial. It is our special responsibility, therefore, as citizens and radicals, to do whatever we can to stop the executions. We demand a fair trial, an open trial, a trial that would reveal what really happened in Grenada, and who and what were responsible at each stage in those tragic events. The dead as well as the living deserve no less. Our demand is justice, now. Join us. It may soon be too late.

Send letters of protest to Sir Paul Scoon, Governor General, St. Georges, Grenada, West Indies, and/or your representatives in Congress, and/or the U.S. State Department (the people pulling the strings), with a copy to us c/o Professor Michael Brown, Department of Sociology, CUNY, 33 West Forty-second Street, New York, NY 10036. For more information on the trial and what else you can do to help, write us at the same address. On behalf of the Committee to Obtain Justice for the Grenada 17.

*Michael Brown*
*Harry Magdoff*
*Bertell Ollman*
*Paul Sweezy*

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*The Nation* welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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# EDITORIALS.

## As Shoreham Goes

"The Shoreham plant must open!" U.S. Energy Secretary John Herrington once declared. "If it doesn't, the signals will be the low point in this [nuclear] industry's history." By that criterion the signals are at their lowest point since the advent of the "peaceful atom," when the nuclear industry was conjuring up visions of electricity "too cheap to meter." The Shoreham Nuclear Power Station on Long Island will become the first completed nuclear facility in the United States to be abandoned before going into commercial operation. The settlement between New York State and the Long Island Lighting Company that brought this about was a stunning victory for grass-roots antinuke activists.

If it had gone into service, the Shoreham plant would have been a nuclear disaster waiting to happen. "No doubt about it, there is catastrophe ahead," George Henry, a former Lilco Shoreham inspector turned whistleblower, told Karl Grossman, author of *Power Crazy: Is LILCO Turning Shoreham Into America's Chernobyl?* (Grove Press). Another Shoreham inspector said that of the hundreds of thousands of mistakes and violations of standards built into the plant, fewer than half had been corrected. "You wouldn't believe what went on there," he said. "As God is my judge, if that thing is permitted to operate, a lot of people are going to die."

Because the plant is located only fifty miles east of New York City and on a densely populated island, an accide

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would have been catastrophic. The most recent Federal study of the consequences of severe accidents at every nuclear plant in the United States, done at Sandia National Laboratories in 1982, estimates that a core meltdown at Shoreham would cause 40,000 "early fatalities," 75,000 "early injuries," 35,000 "cancer deaths" and $157 billion in property damage. One expert on nuclear-plant-accident hazards, Richard Webb, regards that as a conservative projection, especially if the wind was blowing from the east, sending the plume of radioactive poisons from Shoreham directly into New York City. Then, he estimates, deaths would total "close to a million."

Not only potentially lethal, Shoreham is also the most expensive nuclear plant ever built – indeed, the most expensive power plant of any kind in terms of dollars per proposed kilowatt of electricity. Although cost overruns have been common in nuclear plant construction, Lilco's most recent estimate of $5.3 billion for Shoreham is 7,000 percent more than its original figures. When it first announced the facility, Lilco said it would cost "in the $65 million–$75 million range." Much of the excess is attributable to waste due to the power company's incompetence. The New York State Public Service Commission set a national record when it meted out a $1.4 billion penalty in 1985 to Lilco for pervasive mismanagement of Shoreham's construction.

Other utilities have engaged in heavy political lobbying but here, too, Lilco went to the extreme. On its home territory it has been the central corporate actor, so powerful, so busily manipulating the political process that predictions of "government by Lilco" gained currency on Long Island. Nevertheless, public resentment against the utility and opposition to Shoreham has been overwhelming: Polls show that nearly 80 percent of Long Islanders are against the plant and almost that many are willing to pay for it to be abandoned. In its Washington lobbying operation Lilco has enlisted former Federal officials such as Lyn Nofziger, who received nearly $1 million as a "governmental affairs consultant." A Lilco friend at the highest level of the Reagan Administration was Director of Central Intelligence William Casey, who, before he resigned his seat on the utility's board of directors, was a staunch promoter of Shoreham.

Some public-power advocates on Long Island protest that the settlement, negotiated by Gov. Mario Cuomo, does not go far enough. They wanted to eliminate not only Shoreham but the arrogant, inept utility itself. Taking its place would have been the publicly owned Long Island Power Authority, with directors elected by Long Islanders – and, analyses have shown, lower rates than Lilco's. The authority was created by the New York State Legislature and Cuomo in response to an intense grass-roots drive. The settlement that Cuomo opted for instead is generous to Lilco, whose stock immediately rose after the announcement. In return for selling the plant to the state for $1, the utility will be allowed annual 5 percent rate increases for a decade as well as taking generous tax write-offs. The public will thus pay for much of Shoreham's cost, including its dismantlement. The deal Cuomo struck was not the best, but consider the alternative: Shoreham in operation.

The closing of the facility provides a lesson to the rest of the nation: If people organize and fight back they can win, even against the formidable forces that backed Shoreham: Big Government (the White House, the Department of Energy and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission worked with Lilco), Big Business (the nuclear industry, which regarded Shoreham's operation as critical to its future, poured funds into the drive to save the plant), Big Banks (particularly the nation's largest, Citibank, which since the 1950s has functioned as a financial overseer of Lilco), Big Science (scientists from Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island have cooperated closely with the company in promoting Shoreham) and Big Media (*The New York Times* and *Newsday* have consistently demanded that the plant go on line).

The kind of dedicated, consistent, focused and massive grass-roots effort brought against Shoreham on Long Island, which stressed political action, civil disobedience and public education on nuclear power, can and should be duplicated elsewhere in the United States to prevent the opening of nuclear plants now under construction and to shut down the potential Chernobyls among us.

# Fade-out: Censor

America's documentary filmmakers won an important victory last month. On May 17, in the case of *Bullfrog Films v. Wick* the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit unanimously struck down regulations giving the government broad powers to block the export of documentary movies. The Nation Institute joined other groups in an amicus curiae brief in the case.

The regulations state that educational certificates for overseas distribution may be issued only to films that the U.S. Information Agency determines to be "balanced and truthful." (Without a certificate, which exempts a film from customs duties and licensing requirements, the cost of overseas distribution is prohibitively high.) The court held that the rules give the U.S.I.A. a virtual license for ideological censorship. For example, the agency denied a certificate to a film about the human and environmental costs of uranium mining and granted one to a film (seductively titled *Radiation . . . Naturally*) arguing that uranium and atomic energy are safe. Such "content-based distinctions," the appeals panel held, were "patently offensive to the First Amendment."

A comparison of approved titles with those denied a certificate shows the kind of discrimination the U.S.I.A. practiced. In the former category there was, for example, *To Catch a Cloud: A Thoughtful Look at Acid Rain*, produced by the Edison Electric Institute and making the case for not worrying about acid rain. Another film awarded a certificate was *The Family: God's Pattern for Living*, a production of the Moody Institute of Science. Any resemblance between these two films' content and the Reagan Administration's policies on acid rain and "family values," respectively,

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was, of course, purely coincidental. Films barred from duty-free export included *Save the Planet* (described as "a film history of the atomic age"), *From the Ashes . . . Nicaragua Today* ("the historical roots of the 1979 Nicaraguan Revolution") and *Peace: A Conscious Choice* (which "attempts to teach its viewers about the first step toward peace in Cold War society"). As the Court of Appeals put it, "The danger inherent in government editorial oversight, even in the interest of 'balance,' is well established." In the examples cited, the Administration's thumb on the scale was quite evident.

# Pumping George

In our modern oil-dependent society, it is common knowledge that lower oil prices produce cheaper gasoline and provide an antidote to inflation. Keeping the price of oil down not only stimulates the economy but keeps the voters happy. This is especially true during the summer, pre-election heavy driving months, when they speed away to vacation retreats. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that the Reagan Administration would use certain of its economic and political levers to help keep a lid on oil prices and thus grease the path to the White House for Vice President George Bush.

But how can the Reagan Administration, which advocates and supposedly relies on "free market forces" to determine world oil prices, do anything to influence the marketplace? The government no longer sets prices or limits the amount of oil that can be imported. A President cannot order U.S. refineries to increase production in order to drive prices down, because U.S. production cannot be increased. And President Reagan has steadfastly refused to support a tax on imported oil, which would have the effect of allowing U.S. producers to raise their prices by the amount of the tax.

Clearly it is not through domestic U.S. oil or tax policy that the Administration can influence world oil prices. Rather it is in the exercise of monetary and foreign policy, specifically, by reducing the value of the dollar and providing military security to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and other Arab Persian Gulf oil producers. While these policies have several objectives (balance of trade and opposition to Iran, for example), an element common to both of them is keeping oil prices from rising above $18 a barrel.

Since 1985 the Reagan Administration has worked closely with the leaders of Japan, West Germany, Great Britain and France to deflate the value of the dollar. A cheaper dollar not only makes U.S. goods more competitive overseas but also affects the price of oil. The worldwide trade in oil is transacted in dollars. As the value of the dollar declines relative to the value of other currencies, it takes fewer yen, marks, pounds and francs to purchase oil from producers, primarily those of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Similarly, the dollars received by OPEC producers will buy fewer goods in Japan and Europe. This in turn puts pressure on oil exporters to increase output just to maintain revenues. And greater production produces a surplus, which keeps downward pressure on oil prices.

The second policy lever at the disposal of the Administration is the use of military power and the sale of weapons. According to some press accounts, Energy Secretary John Herrington was dispatched to Saudi Arabia last fall to trade weapons and "security" for a Saudi pledge to keep oil prices between $15 and $18 per barrel. Apparently the agreement worked because both the Administration and the Saudis have kept their end of the bargain.

The Reagan Administration's decision on April 18 to order the Navy to destroy Iranian oil platforms and vessels proved to the Saudis and the other Arab oil-producing countries that the United States was committed to the security of the region. On April 21 the Administration announced that it was reviewing its policies to determine whether to expand naval protection to ships in the gulf not flying the U.S. flag. During the same week Energy Secretary Herrington was completing a three-week tour of Asian oil-producing countries designed, in the words of *The Wall Street Journal*, "to undermine OPEC talks."

All of these events took place just before a historic meeting between OPEC and non-OPEC oil-producing countries, which many analysts expected would lead to higher oil prices. As the meeting got under way in Vienna on April 25, the Reagan Administration publicly urged the Saudis to sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty and announced that it intended to persuade Congress of the need to approve new weapons sales to the region. The very next day, the Saudi government announced that it would sign the treaty and that it was breaking diplomatic ties with Iran.

On April 27 the Saudis told their counterparts in OPEC that they would not support a cut in oil production, a move that scuttled the effort by the cartel to reach an agreement with non-OPEC producers. Two days later President Reagan ordered the Navy to defend neutral ships that come under attack by "hostile" forces. As reported by *Petroleum Intelligence Weekly*, an authoritative industry trade publication, "The new US escort policy is of principal benefit to Saudi Arabia, whose traffic has been a particular focus of Iranian attacks in recent months. . . . Further beneficiaries are flag-of-convenience tankers owned by US oil companies," companies which, by the way, do most of their business with Saudi Arabia.

From a peak of more than $18.50 per barrel reached during the early days of the OPEC meeting, the oil price had fallen more than $1.50 per barrel by May 2, following the Saudi announcement. The combination of U.S. military support for Saudi Arabia and that nation's opposition to an OPEC production agreement insured the Reagan Administration that a key economic indicator – oil prices – would make a positive contribution to the fall election. Although U.S. naval forces in the Persian Gulf are there to send a clear message to Iran, they also protect Saudi Arabia, which has used its oil power to prevent any sudden increase in summer gasoline prices. George Bush couldn't ask for more. Or could he?

EDWIN S. ROTHSCHILD

*Edwin S. Rothschild is assistant director of the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition.*

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# MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

There is something in the makeup of the religious and racist right that militates successfully against any kind of subtlety. In April and May no less than five articles appeared piously arguing that Michael Dukakis is not a genuine member of the Greek Orthodox Church because he is married to a Jew.

§ Rowland Evans and Robert Novak told this to the readers of *The Washington Post*, among others, on May 18, under the perhaps unintentionally revealing headline "A Question of Orthodoxy." Quoting certain Greek-American clerics, Evans and Novak said pompously, "These priests are not satisfied with the governor's statement, echoed by his aides, that his children have been raised in both Jewish and Greek 'cultures.' "

§ Columnist Lawrence Uzzell told the readers of *The Washington Times* on April 28 that Governor Dukakis was not "eligible" to receive the sacraments. "Under Orthodox canon law he excommunicated himself by marrying a non-Christian. (His wife is Jewish.)"

§ On the same day, in the Christian extremist magazine *The Wanderer*, one Frank Morris made the same points in a piece titled "Beware This Greek."

§ *Human Events*, the McCarthyite bulletin board, carried an article the same week asserting that Dukakis was "not eligible to participate in the sacramental life of the church and that a priest who gave him Holy Communion, knowing of his estrangement from the Orthodox Church, would be committing a sacrilege."

§ In *The Washington Times* for April 5, Joseph Sobran, who has been asked by William Buckley to stay off Jewish questions when he writes for *National Review*, said of Dukakis, "He has all but cut himself off from his church. He has married outside his faith and reportedly hasn't even had his children baptized."

None of these sources are expert on Greek Orthodox canon law. In fact, all of them acknowledged having drawn upon the same document. This is "An open letter to Governor Michael Dukakis from a Greek Orthodox Layman," signed by Dimitrios Iatreidis, who further styles himself "an unworthy servant of our Redeemer." For American purposes, Iatreidis calls himself James George Jatras. His complete letter, of which I have a copy, holds many points of interest. It calls the Sandinistas "antichrists" and says that the *Roe v. Wade* decision was inspired by King Herod. It therefore has a distinctly political as well as devotional flavor, which is why most of the right-wing propagandists have been careful to quote only the allegedly religious aspects of it. One dogma affirmed in the letter was, however, not cited in any of the above-mentioned exegeses. Jatras wrote:

> Certainly, it is possible to be an Orthodox Christian without being an ethnic Greek (and indeed the great majority of Orthodox Christians are not Greeks). But the converse is not true: To be a Greek, one must be an Orthodox Christian; a Greek who apostasizes from the Orthodox Christian faith is also a traitor to his ethnic origins.

I can see why Evans and Novak, Sobran and the rest of them have kept quiet about this passage. It flatly contradicts Jatras's halfhearted assertion that he doesn't mind Kitty Dukakis's Jewishness and relegates the pretended concern about baptism to second place. Jatras is saying, in unambiguous terms, that the Jewish community in Salonika, for example, which was one of the glories of Greece and Jewry until the Final Solution, was not "really" Greek. He is saying the same thing about the Greek Jews of the present day, as well as ascribing race treachery to millions of secular Greeks, and to writers like Nikos Kazantzakis, who separated from the church.

Completely carried away with racial and religious hysteria, Jatras closes his letter with two appeals. The first is to Dukakis, of whom he demands, "Announce, publicly and categorically, that you are an apostate from the Orthodox Christian faith and a pagan, having by your own word and deed demanded that your name be stricken from the Book of Life." The second is to the Greek clergy and laity, who are enjoined to "pronounce this man Michael *anathema*" and to consider him "a traitor and a renegade, an outcast, a member of the foul tribe of Cain and Judas."

This is the sort of stuff the conservative movement is seeing fit to circulate: the full text in private and a discreetly edited version for mass consumption and reproduction. That would be bad enough, but Jatras turns out to be even more modest than his "unworthy servant" signature suggests. He demurely conceals, under the humble cloak of "Greek Orthodox Layman," his membership on the staff of the Senate Republican Policy Committee. His employer, Senator William Armstrong of Colorado, will not take calls himself but has said through a spokesman that Jatras is "a private citizen." Republicans are notoriously apolitical, but Jatras's frenzied circular against the Democratic front-runner is some way short of private.

Michael Dukakis is not running as a Greek Orthodox candidate. His appeal to Greek-American audiences is that he is Greek—something that Jatras and his fellow fanatics deny by their sinister claim that religion defines a nationality. But in point of fact, Dukakis is entitled to claim membership in the Orthodox Church whether he is married to a Jew or not. For not having baptized his children he is denied the solace of certain sacraments, but he is not excommunicated or anathematized. In other words, the salaried Republican functionary Jatras is not defending the inescapable dogmas of his church but is putting a false and extreme construction upon them for base political purposes. Indeed, by misconstruing "His One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Orthodox Church," Jatras is saying that all nonmembers are infidels and damned to the pit.

Does George Bush, who was born again in a fatuous attempt to get the Robertson vote, have anything to say about this? Or will he manage, with his usual superb moral indifference, to remain safely uninformed about the doings of still more of his underlings?

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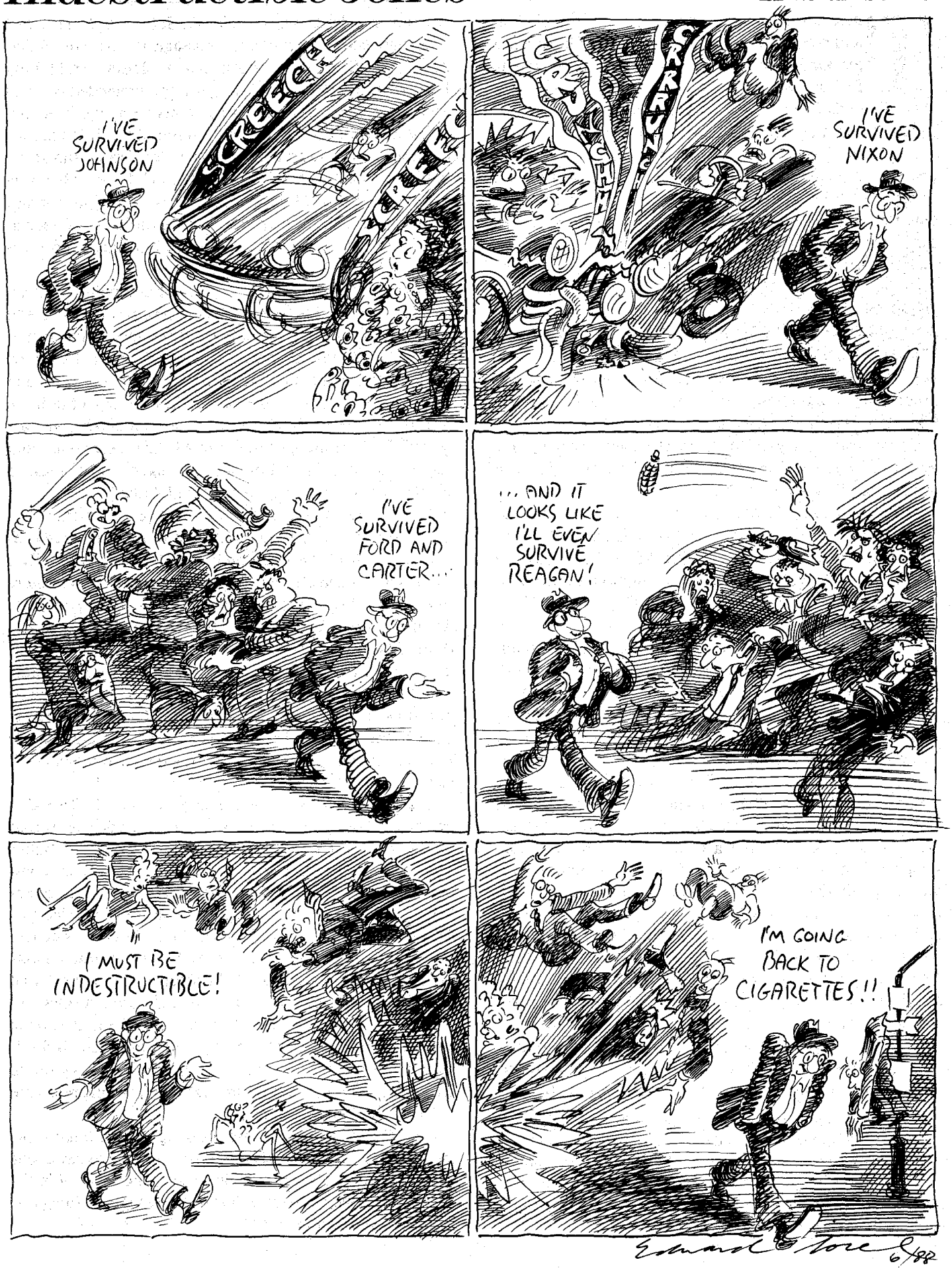
# Indestructible Jones

EDWARD SOREL


I'VE SURVIVED JOHNSON
SCREECH
I'VE SURVIVED NIXON
I'VE SURVIVED FORD AND CARTER...
... AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL EVEN SURVIVE REAGAN!
I MUST BE INDESTRUCTIBLE!
I'M GOING BACK TO CIGARETTES!!
Edward Sorel 6/88

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# ARTICLES.

'COOPERATION' OR DEMOCRACY?

# New Directions For the U.A.W.

ERIC MANN

On October 25, 1987, the United Automobile Workers International announced that its members had overwhelmingly ratified what it called "an historic job security contract" with General Motors. International officers saw it as a vote of confidence for their strategy of "jointness" with G.M. and a repudiation of their critics, such as insurgent leader Jerry Tucker and U.A.W. pioneer Victor Reuther. Former U.A.W. president Douglas Fraser told *The New York Times*, "Jerry and Victor have lost the debate. They have been claiming that the leadership has lost contact with the membership. Well, 80 percent of the G.M. membership said they're wrong and the leadership is right." In fact, less than a year after its ratification the "job security" agreement is unraveling, the strategy of "jointness" faces growing criticism at the local level, and Jerry Tucker's challenge to the leadership in regional elections beginning June 13 has focused the hopes of auto workers searching for a more assertive, effective and democratic U.A.W. Doug Fraser's efforts to declare the debate over won't work, for it has just begun.

When the U.A.W. bargaining team reported back to a national meeting of local leaders in early October it declared two major contractual breakthroughs: a three-year "moratorium on plant closings" and the "strengthening" of the supplemental unemployment system. But when local leaders attempted to ask hard questions, no discussion was allowed. Wayne Belue, president of Local 25 in St. Louis, explained, "When we got there we were told, 'Just listen to the report and hold your questions until the end.' When they finished, several union presidents attempted to get the floor, but they ramrodded through a motion to end the meeting, and it was over before a word was said."

It soon became apparent why. Upon examination, the "moratorium" had one giant qualifier: "No General Motors plant will be closed during the life of the agreement, except for those plant closings already announced." A year earlier G.M. had announced it would shut eleven plants, so in actuality the contract was ratifying those shutdowns and asking workers in the surviving plants to buy a three-year breather until the next projected round of closings. Many workers, disillusioned with the union's direction, withdrew from the process. Only 50 percent cast ballots, putting that 80 percent yes vote in a decidedly different perspective.

Almost before the ink was dry, the job security contract gave new meaning to the word "loophole." On November 4, four days after the agreement was signed, G.M. announced it was closing its Framingham, Massachusetts, assembly plant "indefinitely." This was not a plant closing, G.M. claimed, only a "temporary" shutdown based on declining sales.

Workers from Framingham's Stand-Up Coalition argued that if sales data, interpreted exclusively by the corporation and imposed within the first week of the contract, could justify a plant closing, even a temporary one, then all talk of guaranteed job security was worthless. They pressed the International to demand that G.M. delay its action for ninety days while both parties sought alternatives to the layoff and, if that failed, to enforce the contract's provision promising full wages to the laid-off workers. But as Mary Beth Menaker, a Framingham worker, said, "The International just stood quiet. Later, G.M. announced it would be calling back 1,800 of the 3,700 laid-off workers, again citing market conditions. In both cases G.M. called all the shots."

In January workers at my local, U.A.W. 645 in Van Nuys, California, were told that half our number – 1,800 people – would be laid off in early February because of slow sales. Many on the second shift were justifiably worried, having just returned the previous May from a year's layoff. In response G.M., along with local officers who support a "team concept" approach, came up with a "work sharing" plan in which the higher seniority workers would temporarily waive their seniority rights for ninety days so that both shifts could alternate, working two weeks on and two weeks off. If at the end of the period sales were still down, a seniority-based layoff would take place. This plan was to be put to a vote.

The higher seniority workers, many of whom would have supported a voluntary layoff that left their rights intact, adamantly opposed the plan's assertion that their accumulated seniority was now a votable issue. Paul Goldener, a former president of the local, argued, "This is merely an effort by G.M. to deflect responsibility for the layoff into a battle among workers as to who will be laid off, and to make our hard-fought seniority the scapegoat."

The media attempted to equate the defense of seniority with selfishness and privilege. In fact, seniority is essential for younger as well as older workers. It allows an orderly process by which those laid off are called back and through which workers can resolve disputes among themselves. It restricts corporate favoritism, racial and sex-based discrimination, and prevents the workers from cannibalizing their union. Conversely, the weakening of seniority is now one of the highest objectives of management consultants attempting to neutralize unions and make corporations "competitive."

On January 23 the workers narrowly defeated the plan. In the U.A.W.'s new tradition of "let's keep voting until we get it right," a re-vote was held February 8, when, to no one's surprise, the plan passed by several hundred votes. The fact that G.M.'s purposes were far more political than economic

*Eric Mann, a member of U.A.W. Local 645, is the author of* Taking On General Motors: A Case Study of the UAW Campaign to Keep GM Van Nuys Open *(UCLA Institute of Industrial Relations Press).*

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became clear when the corporation announced only a few weeks later that the layoff was over, making division within the local the only lasting legacy of the work sharing plan.

Underlying the worker-against-worker vote at Van Nuys, and the overall anxiety in plants throughout the G.M. system, were fears of economic calamity as a result of a layoff. During the 1950s, Walter Reuther, fighting for a guaranteed annual wage for auto workers, won unprecedented supplemental unemployment benefits. The "sub" promised auto workers up to 95 percent of their wages during layoffs, thus pressuring management to plan production rationally rather than drive workers to build up huge inventories and then lay them off.

Among workers, the common belief has been that these benefits are guaranteed; in actuality, the sub fund, financed according to a negotiated formula by which management pays a set amount per worker per hour, is limited by the number of workers employed. In recent years the fund has been bled because of extensive structural unemployment in the industry. At Van Nuys, those facing a layoff were told that only 76 percent of their benefits would be paid and would last only seventeen weeks instead of the promised fifty-two. Although the union did negotiate an 8 cent per hour raise in management's contribution, what is needed to make the fund viable is a massive up-front payment by G.M. in reparation for its plant closings and layoffs. Certainly a union with the clout of more than 1 million members can compel a corporation that declared $3.5 billion in profits last year (and through another loophole managed to avoid all profit-sharing payments to its workers) to finance fully the sub benefits to which the workers are entitled.

The sense of insecurity and powerlessness among the 350,000 G.M. hourly workers, which has been building for almost a decade, has led to growing disenchantment with the promise of labor-management cooperation. Yet with a few exceptions, there has been far more complaining than organizing at the grass roots. This summer, however, the elections for director of U.A.W. Region 5, and specifically the insurgency of Jerry Tucker and the New Directions movement he helped found, will be a barometer of how far the organized resistance to these policies has risen.

In 1986 local officers in Region 5 – comprising 80,000 workers in eight states from Missouri to Texas – formed New Directions and charged, "We're losing our work, our wage and benefit protection, and risk losing the support of our members." They drafted Jerry Tucker, a fourteen-year veteran of the U.A.W. International staff and the region's assistant director, to run for the directorship against his boss, Kenneth Worley, at an upcoming U.A.W. convention. For this, Tucker was immediately fired by U.A.W. president Owen Bieber.

In taking their program to fellow workers, New Directions advocates pointed to their successes in creatively confronting management, through many shop-floor battles led by Tucker and local leaders; demanded greater democracy in the internal affairs of the region; and argued for the inclusion of minorities and women in the union leadership (one New Directions sign had "names of women appointed by Regional Director Ken Worley" printed on an otherwise blank placard).

At the convention that June delegates from around the country were buzzing about the prospects of a New Directions victory. But after the ballots were counted, Worley was declared the winner by a vote of 325 to 324.8. The New Directions leaders claimed fraud. Angry convention delegates refused to accept the election committee report from Region 5 but were overruled. Tucker went to court charging illegal election practices and, in a separate suit, wrongful termination.

On March 30 of this year, Federal District Court Judge Richard Suhrheinrich declared, "Due to the taint placed on all local delegates due to Worley's campaign tactics, the court determines that rerunning the local delegate elections in all locals is proper." Peter Downs, a Tucker supporter at the G.M. plant in Wentzville, Missouri, observed, "For a Federal judge in the age of Reagan to support the charges of a union leader calling for a greater challenge to big business, you know the irregularities had to be *very* irregular." But Tucker is the first to eschew premature congratulations. For two years, denied his job and his income, he has had to lead the insurgency out of his home, supported by worker contributions. He knows full well the elections will be met by even greater resistance this time.

For one thing, in the spirit of "jointness," management has done its part to influence the elections. At the Wentzville plant it shut down the line for six minutes to announce that the laid-off second shift would return to work in six months, and then, over closed-circuit television, had an International U.A.W. representative thank Ken Worley for bringing back those workers.

DRAWINGS BY LISA BLACKSHEAR

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Meanwhile, the International has tried to deprive Tucker of twenty-three possible delegate votes by disenfranchising Local 25 in St. Louis. The St. Louis plant was permanently closed this year, but according to Tucker there are still nearly 5,000 eligible voters. The denial of their voting rights is being challenged in court as an election violation, since Wayne Belue and other local leaders are outspoken Tucker supporters.

The main obstacle, though, is the two-stage nature of the election, with the rank and file choosing delegates between June 13 and June 24, and the final vote taking place at a convention on August 11. The International's tendency to combine the carrot (usually the promise of staff positions that never quite materialize) and the stick (threats that too often do materialize) has historically led to the erosion of support for insurgencies. As one pro-Tucker worker said, only half-jokingly, "After we win the delegate votes, we're going to have to put our people in a delegate protection program until the August election."

Again, Tucker's claim that his opponent is interfering with the rights of Region 5 workers to a free election has been upheld in court. After the Wentzville local's newspaper ran a two-page laudatory interview with Ken Worley, Tucker charged that union funds had been used illegally to promote Worley's candidacy. Judge Suhrheinrich agreed, declaring, "This is obviously propaganda put out by somebody to influence this election. . . . It shows to me precisely that the union itself has forgotten about democracy." If Worley continued his election violations, Suhrheinrich concluded, "all I can do is suspend Worley from Region 5 and set another election."

In many ways, Tucker's challenge is one to reform the soul of the union as well as its policies. A recent decision by the U.A.W. Public Review Board, a group of prominent citizens appointed by the International, unwittingly offered an explanation for the decline of democracy within the union. In the case of another International staff person who, like Tucker, charged that he had been the victim of retaliation for attempting to run against an incumbent, the board ruled:

> The UAW is now, and has been for 20 years, a one-party institution not in all respects unlike that found in many national governments in which a single political party controls the government, and the officials who formally make and administer the laws . . . are selected wholly by that party. As a consequence, in the UAW the lines of demarcation between party, the Administrative Caucus, and the formal governing body, the International Executive Board, have become blurred, for 100% of its personnel are, and traditionally have been, members of the Administration Caucus.

Amazingly, the board used this rationale not to find for the victim but to justify retaliation against him for threatening that one-party rule.

No one is expecting incumbent U.A.W. leaders who believe in the strategy of "jointness" to welcome electoral challenges, or to be thrilled at speeches and articles criticizing their policies. But there must be some in the International leadership who are uncomfortable with the undemocratic practices, and some who must be asking hard questions about where all this "cooperation" is getting us as plant after plant is closed and even the simplest agreements with management cannot be enforced. Those at the bottom of the U.A.W. have no alternative but to organize and fight to be heard. It would serve our union well if those at the top opened up the debate, with the goal of reducing our differences and improving our ability to work together against management. □

HEALTH-CARE GENERATION WAR

# Spare the Old, Save the Young

AMITAI ETZIONI

In the coming years, Daniel Callahan's call to ration health care for the elderly, put forth in his book *Setting Limits*, is likely to have a growing appeal. Practically all economic observers expect the United States to go through a difficult time as it attempts to work its way out of its domestic (budgetary) and international (trade) deficits. Practically every serious analyst realizes that such an endeavor will initially entail slower growth, if not an outright cut in our standard of living, in order to release resources to these priorities. When the national economic "pie" grows more slowly, let alone contracts, the fight over how to divide it up intensifies. The elderly make an especially inviting target because they have been taking a growing slice of the resources (at least those dedicated to health care) and are expected to take even more in the future. Old people are widely held to be "nonproductive" and to constitute a growing "burden" on an ever-smaller proportion of society that is young and working. Also, the elderly are viewed as politically well-organized and powerful; hence "their" programs, especially Social Security and Medicare, have largely escaped the Reagan attempts to scale back social expenditures, while those aimed at other groups – especially the young, but even more so future generations – have been generally curtailed. There are now some signs that a backlash may be forming.

If a war between the generations, like that between the races and between the genders, does break out, historians may accord former Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado the dubious honor of having fired the opening shot in his statement that the elderly ill have "got a duty to die and get out of the way." Phillip Longman, in his book *Born to Pay*, sounded an early alarm. However, the historians may well say, it was left to Daniel Callahan, a social philosopher and ethicist, to provide a detailed rationale and blueprint for limiting the care to the elderly, explicitly in order to free resources for the young [see Daniel Callahan, "Limiting

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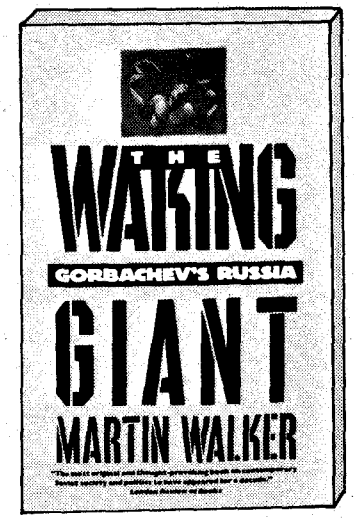
Health Care for the Old," *The Nation*, August 15/22, 1987]. Callahan's thesis deserves close examination because he attempts to deal with the numerous objections his approach raises. If his thesis does not hold, the champions of limiting funds available to the old may have a long wait before they will find a new set of arguments on their behalf.

In order to free up economic resources for the young, Callahan offers the older generation a deal: Trade quantity for quality; the elderly should not be given life-*extending* services but better years while alive. Instead of the relentless attempt to push death to an older age, Callahan would stop all development of life-extending technologies and prohibit the use of ones at hand for those who outlive their "natural" life span, say, the age of 75. At the same time, the old would be granted more palliative medicine (e.g., pain killers) and more nursing-home and home-health care, to make their natural years more comfortable.

Callahan's call to break an existing ethical taboo and replace it with another raises the problem known among ethicists and sociologists as the "slippery slope." Once the precept that one should do "all one can" to avert death is given up, and attempts are made to fix a specific age for a full life, why stop there? If, for instance, the American economy experiences hard times in the 1990s, should the "maximum" age be reduced to 72, 65 – or lower? And should the care for other so-called unproductive groups be cut off, even if they are even younger? Should countries that are economically worse off than the United States set their limit, say, at 55?

This is not an idle thought, because the idea of limiting the care the elderly receive in itself represents a partial slide down such a slope. Originally, Callahan, the Hastings Center (which he directs) and other think tanks played an important role in redefining the concept of death. Death used to be seen by the public at large as occurring when the lungs stopped functioning and, above all, the heart stopped beating. In numerous old movies and novels, those attending the dying would hold a mirror to their faces to see if it fogged over, or put an ear to their chests to see if the heart had stopped. However, high technology made these criteria obsolete by mechanically ventilating people and keeping their hearts pumping. Hastings et al. led the way to provide a new technological definition of death: brain death. Increasingly this has been accepted, both in the medical community and by the public at large, as the point of demise, the point at which care should stop even if it means turning off life-extending machines, because people who are brain dead do not regain consciousness. At the same time, most doctors and a majority of the public as well continue strongly to oppose terminating care to people who are conscious, even if there is little prospect for recovery, despite considerable debate about certain special cases.

Callahan now suggests turning off life-extending technology for all those above a certain age, even if they could recover their full human capacity if treated. It is instructive to look at the list of technologies he would withhold: mechanical ventilation, artificial resuscitation, antibiotics and artificial nutrition and hydration. Note that while several of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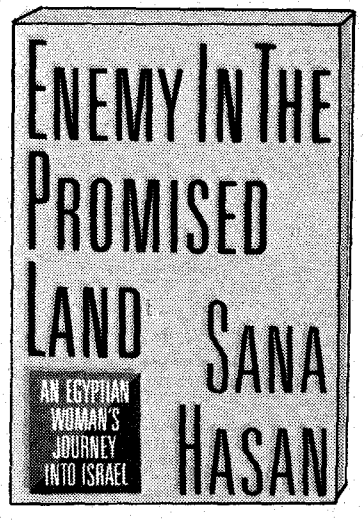


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these are used to maintain brain-dead bodies, they are also used for individuals who are temporarily incapacitated but able to recover fully; indeed, they are used to save young lives, say, after a car accident. But there is no way to stop the development of such new technologies and the improvement of existing ones without depriving the young of benefit as well. (Antibiotics are on the list because of an imminent "high cost" technological advance—administering them with a pump implanted in the body, which makes their introduction more reliable and better distributes dosages.)

One may say that this is Callahan's particular list; other lists may well be drawn. But any of them would start us down the slope, because the savings that are achieved by turning off the machines that keep brain-dead people alive are minimal compared with those that would result from the measures sought by the people calling for new equity between the generations. And any significant foray into deliberately withholding medical care for those who can recover does raise the question, Once society has embarked on such a slope, where will it stop?

Those opposed to Callahan, Lamm and the other advocates of limiting care to the old, but who also favor extending the frontier of life, must answer the question, Where will the resources come from? One answer is found in the realization that defining people as old at the age of 65 is obsolescent. That age limit was set generations ago, before changes in life styles and medicines much extended not only life but also the number and quality of productive years. One might recognize that many of the "elderly" can contribute to society not merely by providing love, companionship and wisdom to the young but also by continuing to work, in the traditional sense of the term. Indeed, many already work in the underground economy because of the large penalty—a cut in Social Security benefits—exacted from them if they hold a job "on the books."

Allowing elderly people to retain their Social Security benefits while working, typically part-time, would immediately raise significant tax revenues, dramatically change the much-feared dependency-to-dependent ratio, provide a much-needed source of child-care workers and increase contributions to Social Security (under the assumption that anybody who will continue to work will continue to contribute to the program). There is also evidence that people who continue to have meaningful work will live longer and healthier lives, without requiring more health care, because psychic well-being in our society is so deeply associated with meaningful work. Other policy changes, such as deferring retirement, modifying Social Security benefits by a small, gradual stretching out of the age of full-benefit entitlement, plus some other shifts under way, could be used readily to gain more resources. Such changes might be justified prima facie because as we extend life and its quality, the payouts to the old may also be stretched out.

Beyond the question of whether to cut care or stretch out Social Security payouts, policies that seek to promote intergenerational equity must be assessed as to how they deal with another matter of equity: that between the poor and the rich. A policy that would stop Federal support for certain kinds of care, as Callahan and others propose, would halt treatment for the aged, poor, the near-poor and even the less-well-off segment of the middle class (although for the latter at a later point), while the rich would continue to buy all the care they wished to. Callahan's suggestion that a consensus of doctors would stop certain kinds of care for all elderly people is quite impractical; for it to work, most if not all doctors would have to agree to participate. Even if this somehow happened, the rich would buy their services overseas either by going there or by importing the services. There is little enough we can do to significantly enhance economic equality. Do we want to exacerbate the inequalities that already exist by completely eliminating access to major categories of health care services for those who cannot afford to pay for them?

In addition to concern about slipping down the slope of less (and less) care, the *way* the limitations are to be introduced raises a serious question. The advocates of changing the intergenerational allocation of resources favor rationing health care for the elderly but nothing else. This is a major intellectual weakness of their argument. There are other major targets to consider within health care, as well as other areas, which seem, at least by some criteria, much more inviting than terminating care to those above a certain age. Within the medical sector, for example, why not stop all interventions for which there is no hard evidence that they are beneficial? Say, public financing of psychotherapy and coronary bypass operations? Why not take the $2 billion or so from plastic surgery dedicated to face lifts, reducing behinds and the like? Or require that all burials be done by low-cost cremations rather than using high-cost coffins?

Once we extend our reach beyond medical care to health care, if we cannot stop people from blowing $25 billion per year on cigarettes and convince them to use the money to serve the young, shouldn't we at least cut out public sub-

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sidies to tobacco growers before we save funds by denying antibiotics to old people? And there is the matter of profits. The high-technology medicine Callahan targets for savings is actually a minor cause of the increase in health care costs for the elderly or for anyone—about 4 percent. A major factor is the very high standard of living American doctors have, compared to those of many other nations. Indeed, many doctors tell interviewers that they love their work and would do it for half their current income as long as the incomes of their fellow practitioners were also cut. Another important area of saving is the exorbitant profits made by the nondoctor owners of dialysis units and nursing homes. If we dare ask how many years of life are enough, should we not also be able to ask how much profit is "enough"? This profit, by the way, is largely set not by the market but by public policy.

Last but not least, as the United States enters a time of economic constraints, should we draw new lines of conflict or should we focus on matters that sustain our societal fabric? During the 1960s numerous groups gained in political consciousness and actively sought to address injustices done to them. The result has been some redress and an increase in the level of societal stress (witness the deeply troubled relationships between the genders). But these conflicts occurred in an affluent society and redressed deeply felt grievances. Are the young like blacks and women, except that they have not yet discovered their oppressors—a group whose consciousness should be raised, so it will rally and gain its due share?

The answer is in the eye of the beholder. There are no objective criteria that can be used here the way they can be used between the races or between the genders. While women and minorities have the same rights to the same jobs at the same pay as white males, the needs of the young and the aged are so different that no simple criteria of equity come to mind. Thus, no one would argue that the teen-agers and those above 75 have the same need for schooling or nursing homes.

At the same time, it is easy to see that those who try to mobilize the young—led by a new Washington research group, Americans for Generational Equity (AGE), formed to fight for the needs of the younger generation—offer many arguments that do not hold. For instance, they often argue that today's young, age 35 or less, will pay for old people's Social Security, but by the time that they come of age they will not be able to collect, because Social Security will be bankrupt. However, this argument is based on extremely farfetched assumptions about the future. In effect, Social Security is now and for the foreseeable future overprovided, and its surplus is used to reduce deficits caused by other expenditures, such as Star Wars, in what is still an integrated budget. And, if Social Security runs into the red again somewhere after the year 2020, relatively small adjustments in premiums and payouts would restore it to financial health.

Above all, it is a dubious sociological achievement to foment conflict between the generations, because, unlike the minorities and the white majority, or men and women, many millions of Americans are neither young nor old but

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of intermediate ages. We should not avoid issues just because we face stressing times in an already strained society; but maybe we should declare a moratorium on raising new conflicts until more compelling arguments can be found in their favor, and more evidence that this particular line of divisiveness is called for. □

IS THE WEST OUTGUNNED?

# Conventional-Arms Myths in Europe

KEN SILVERSTEIN

The signing of the I.N.F. treaty last December, requiring the withdrawal of short- and medium-range nuclear missiles from Europe, has led to a renewed focus on the balance of conventional forces there. According to the Pentagon – in a view left almost completely unchallenged by the mainstream media – the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's long reliance on its nuclear umbrella to defend Western Europe resulted in a failure to maintain and modernize conventional forces adequately. As a result, the Warsaw Pact now has an enormous quantitative edge in most categories of conventional weaponry, and the gap is widening. If NATO does not quickly address this problem, goes the argument, a post-I.N.F. "denuclearized" Europe will be dangerously exposed to a Soviet-led invasion.

Not surprisingly, this view of the situation is strongly backed by the Reagan Administration and Congressional conservatives. Senator Dan Quayle, a Republican from Indiana, is seeking increased funding of conventional weapons in the fiscal 1989 budget, to help NATO forces offset this supposed Eastern bloc advantage.

A good portion of the Democratic Party buys the argument as well. A policy statement put out by the Democratic Leadership Council, a coalition of influential party leaders that includes Senators Sam Nunn and Al Gore and Representative Richard Gephardt, endorses a conventional buildup to counter the "Soviets' huge advantage in conventional forces." In fact, with the exception of Jesse Jackson, all past and present Democratic presidential candidates back increased spending to beef up NATO's capabilities.

There are actually two assumptions underlying the current scare scenario. The first claims that NATO's forces have become weak and that the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty will leave Western Europe vulnerable to a Soviet bloc attack. The second holds that in the event of such an attack, NATO, overwhelmingly outnumbered, would easily succumb to Warsaw Pact forces. Both of these contentions are seriously overblown.

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For starters, the scenario of a Soviet invasion is considered ludicrous by many experts. Tom Gervasi, author of *The Myth of Soviet Military Supremacy*, says that the entire premise is based on "a massive Russian blitzkrieg, like the Germans launched across the open fields of France during the Second World War." But, as Gervasi points out, any attack from the East would have to come through West Germany, probably across the north German plain. That area is very heavily forested, has several mountain ranges and is laced with rivers. There is also dense urban sprawl around Hanover. "You simply can't roll tanks across Germany," says Gervasi.

The worst-case version of the scenario is that the Eastern bloc could launch a massive sneak attack and catch NATO by surprise. However, this scenario is thoroughly improbable. As John Mearsheimer, a professor of political science at the University of Chicago, wrote in the Spring issue of *International Security*, "NATO's forces are regularly maintained in a higher state of readiness than the Pact's, and it would be extremely difficult for the Pact to mobilize those forces without NATO noticing." Alexander Haig made the same point back in 1977, when he was NATO commander. According to Haig, NATO could "count on at least eight to fifteen days' warning of an attack by troops of the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact." That time period has certainly increased since Haig spoke, as in the past decade NATO has launched three satellite systems dedicated exclusively to the European theater.

Second, the agreement on medium-range missiles will not take away NATO's nuclear shield. The I.N.F. treaty leaves more than 4,000 American nuclear weapons in Europe, along with independent French and British nuclear arms and U.S. submarine-launched missiles.

In fact, NATO's conventional forces have been greatly fortified during the 1980s. Although more public attention has been paid to Reagan's nuclear buildup, conventional spending has always eaten up the bigger share of the defense budget, with most of that money going into the European theater. Of the $2 trillion spent on the military since 1982, $736 billion – almost 40 percent – has gone toward preparations for conventional war in Europe, considerably more than the $427 billion that funded the buildup of nuclear forces during the same period.

These moneys have helped finance an across-the-board expansion of American conventional forces that began during the Carter Administration. In the past decade alone a new generation of tanks was deployed, a modernization of tactical air forces completed, new and improved antitank weapons were produced, and command and control capability was greatly enhanced. NATO allies have also modernized their forces. According to Joshua Epstein, an analyst at the Brookings Institution, NATO has outspent the Warsaw Pact every year of the past two decades, the gap reaching $120 billion in 1985 alone.

Still, the question remains as to how NATO's forces match up against the Warsaw Pact's, since the modernization, in and of itself, doesn't necessarily mean that the West could repel an attack. A quick look at the evidence, though,

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shows that NATO's forces are more than able to prevent Soviet tanks from rolling up the Champs-Elysées.

Those who argue that the Russians have a clear conventional edge generally rely on head-to-head numerical comparisons of Warsaw Pact and NATO forces, which blatantly distort the true military balance. Epstein says that the "bean-count" approach is "a lousy predictor" of what might actually occur on the battlefield. One statistic, always misrepresented, is the relative troop strength of the two alliances. The 1988 edition of the Pentagon's *Soviet Military Power*, the bible of the threat-inflation industry, has a chart showing the Warsaw Pact with 229 divisions, almost twice NATO's measly 121.

This comparison, though, excludes several important factors that are discreetly mentioned in a footnote. First, NATO divisions average 16,000 troops, 5,000 more than those of the Warsaw Pact. Also, the Pentagon does not include French and Spanish forces in their numbering, as those are not directly under NATO command. Yet Spain, which joined the alliance in 1972, and France, which has one of the largest Western armies and a treaty obligation to come to NATO's defense, are considered solid members by American and Soviet military planners. Dropping their combined forces from NATO's totals has the immediate and wholly dishonest result of stripping the Western bloc of approximately 500,000 troops.

After those adjustments are made, Warsaw Pact forces still have a slight numerical advantage of 1.3 to 1. But even that calculation is misleading. The key area of any confrontation would be Europe's central region, which includes East and West Germany and parts of Poland and Czechoslovakia. In this zone, NATO actually enjoys a comfortable edge in the number of in-place and rapidly deployable troops.

Other factors also favor NATO, including training, readiness and the reliability of allies: Polish forces are presumably less dependable than British, for example. When all this is taken into account, the Soviet bloc's 2-to-1 edge in division strength looks far less threatening.

The bean count is similarly misleading in other areas of supposed NATO weakness. Totals of tanks held by the respective alliances always show a huge lead for the Warsaw Pact. The figure given in this year's *Soviet Military Power* is 53,100 for the pact versus only 25,900 for the pitifully supplied West. With this enormous lead, a Soviet lunge through Germany seems only a matter of time.

Here, too, though, statistics are deceiving. The totals given refer to every tank available to each of the allied blocs. But approximately 17,000 Soviet tanks are stationed on the Chinese border and would not play a role if war broke out in central Europe. Also, many Warsaw Pact tanks are in storage and, according to testimony given to Congress in 1977 by Gen. Samuel Wilson, then head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, a Warsaw Pact invasion of Western Europe would be "hampered by deficiencies in rail and road transport."

In other words, many of the Soviet bloc tanks would not be available. Gervasi says that NATO would be able to bring almost the same number of tanks as the Eastern bloc to battle in central Europe during the first thirty days of any conflict. In the unlikely event that war was still being waged four months later, the Warsaw Pact theoretically could begin to build up an advantage, with the capability to mobilize approximately 24,500 tanks to NATO's 18,700.

With other variables factored in, though, the imbalance is more than rectified. A comparison of each side's most sophisticated tank models shows that NATO not only has a numerical edge but a technological one as well. NATO's tank arsenal is made up almost entirely of top-of-the-line models, while more than 55 percent of the Warsaw Pact's tanks were designed before 1965.

The latest Western tanks, which include the U.S. M-1 Abrams and the German Leopard 2, are faster and can fire with greater speed and accuracy than their nearest Soviet counterpart, the so-called T-80. This tank—a "dread behemoth" according to the threat inflaters—is actually a slightly modified T-72, which the Israelis pulverized during the 1982 invasion of Lebanon when the Syrians used them.

The T-72 has a number of operational problems that greatly diminish its battlefield utility. Foremost among them is its automatic loader, which is supposed to increase its rate of fire rapidly. Unfortunately, the mechanical arm on the device has a tendency to load the gunner's arm or leg, as opposed to ammunition, into the breech, which shuts automatically. Andrew Cockburn, in his book *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine*, cited a U.S. Army officer who suggested that the automatic loader is "how the Red Army Chorus gets its soprano section." Following a number of unplanned amputations, the Russians decided that manual loading has some advantages after all. As a result the rate of fire on the T-72 is near two rounds per minute, less than a third that of NATO's best tanks.

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None of the T-72's problems were addressed with the introduction of the T-80. The only structural modification made was new armored side skirts to protect the suspension. The engine, gun and overall design remain the same.

Possibly the area of greatest dissimulation on the part of those arguing for more conventional spending is that of air power. According to charts in *Soviet Military Power*, the Warsaw Pact has a comfortable lead in combat aircraft, 7,120 to NATO's 5,360, which excludes the 740 planes belonging to France and Spain that are mentioned in a footnote. The threat inflaters, apparently feeling that this gap may not be impressive enough, sometimes cite figures from the International Institute for Strategic Studies, which show roughly the same number for Soviet forces but only 3,292 combat aircraft for NATO. This total is arrived at by dropping the almost 2,000 American planes based in the United States and Greenland, which could be deployed swiftly in the event of war. Both sets of figures, however, do not reflect the fact that only 500 of the Eastern bloc's attack planes are considered by experts to be top-of-the-line models. Meanwhile, NATO has close to 2,000 premier fighters, including the F-15 and F-16, available for European combat.

Overall, NATO has a clear edge in air power – as military officials freely admit when budgets are not at stake. Donald Fredericksen, Deputy Under Secretary of Defense for Tactical Warfare Programs, told the American Defense Preparedness Association last year that in the event of war in Europe, "I'm absolutely sure we would take over the air in a week."

Even in artillery, where the Warsaw Pact has a substantial numerical lead, the disparity is not nearly as sharp as it first appears. According to the International Institute for Strategic Studies, the Soviet bloc has an edge of 37,000 to NATO's 11,100. But when in-place and rapidly deployable forces are counted, the gap falls from more than 3-to-1 to 1.3-to-1. On top of that, NATO has far better counterbattery measures. For example, the source of incoming shells can be so quickly located that NATO guns could get off two shells before Soviet weaponry could be moved, Gervasi says.

The current commotion about NATO's weakness is quite similar to the Reagan Administration's warning about a nuclear "window of vulnerability" in the early 1980s, and the idea is being pushed for many of the same reasons. If there is no Soviet threat, there is no need for $300 billion defense budgets. With the possibility of further cuts in nuclear weapons being contemplated, the conventional "imbalance" may be stressed to an even greater degree by those – such as the Pentagon, defense contractors and the political right – seeking to maintain high levels of defense spending.

Some experts feel that there are indeed certain deficiencies in NATO's defenses and that these need to be addressed. Epstein, for example, says that two important concerns are NATO's ability to detect and respond to Warsaw Pact troop concentrations and the willingness of Western European countries to mobilize in the event of war. But these are not the sorts of problems that can be solved by building more tanks or increasing troop levels. In fact, if military planners were merely interested in outproducing the Russians, they


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could easily do so. But the United States has chosen to pay more attention to quality, training, logistics, and command and control than have the Russians. As Epstein points out, Pentagon officials "assess the threat as if the bean count was all that mattered, and then plan and spend as if it doesn't matter at all."

Unfortunately, many liberal Democrats who opposed the Reagan Administration's nuclear buildup have failed to challenge Pentagon requests for increased conventional spending. Steve Kosiak, an analyst at the Center for Defense Information who recently prepared a useful report on the inadequacies of the bean-count approach, thinks that the belief in NATO's relative weakness is so widespread that it is politically risky to challenge. "It's such conventional wisdom that you go out on a limb to oppose it. Also, if you vote against nuclear weapons, it's nice to be able to support the conventional buildup," he says.

One step in the right direction was the release of a study in February by Senator Carl Levin, chair of the Armed Services subcommittee on conventional forces. At a press conference, he told reporters that "an uneasy conventional military balance exists today in Europe." Until Levin is joined by more skeptics, though, Pentagon officials will continue to demand greater defense spending in order to redress a gap in the conventional balance of power that doesn't exist. □

# Victory Fever

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

interminable primaries this spring he announced to a network TV interviewer that his campaign was like the Marathon; he had just passed Wellesley and was heading to Newton. Although few outside the Hub would understand the allusion to suburban Boston topography, it established his media image as the Marathon Man of the 1988 campaign. Appropriate and approving references followed at once in *Time*, *The New York Times Magazine* and *The New Republic*.

Dukakis's long jog to the nomination has not proceeded unaccompanied. Besides the bevy of political operatives swollen by the prodigious funds his campaign has amassed, Dukakis is also in touch with a whole new generation of the best and brightest advisers, most of whom reside within a few thousand yards of Harvard Square. The John F. Kennedy School of Government, one of the most secular and self-promoting arms of America's premier university, has become a running seminar and memo-production unit for the Dukakis campaign. K School dean Graham Allison, a one-time adviser of Reagan's former Defense Secretary, Caspar Weinberger, has also organized Dukakis's war of words. In addition to offering advice on national defense and foreign policy matters, now as a newly appointed national security aide, he seems to be a kind of surrogate for the candidate in the middlebrow media. The campaign picked Allison to state the case for Dukakis in *The New York Times* before the New York primary.

Allison and two other K School professors, Joseph Nye and Albert Carnesale, are at the top of the TeamDuke order on matters military. To say they represent a centrist, instrumentalist approach to defense policy understates their role; they *are* the center. Nye and Carnesale are among the authors of the famous Harvard how-to book on nuclear annihilation, *Living With Nuclear Weapons* [see Kopkind, "Living With the Bomb at Harvard," *The Nation*, June 4, 1983], and, with Allison, recently co-edited a kind of sequel, *Fateful Visions*, which actually moves slightly leftward and considers alternatives to nuclear deterrence—a first for these folks. Nye, known to be the most tolerant of the three, has conducted his own seminar on alternatives, in which antinuclear activists have been invited to state their views. Among the invitees have been Jerry Grossman, president of the Council for a Livable World; Michael Ansara, founder of MASS FAIR SHARE; and Jane Wales, former executive director of Physicians for Social Responsibility. Robert K. Murray, another K School star, has been prominent in advising Dukakis on defense spending and, according to a campaign official, has been toying with the idea of "zero real growth" in the Pentagon budget—a position Jesse Jackson has been promoting. Ashton Carter, a fast-rising starlet at the school, is perhaps the strongest critic of the Strategic Defense Initiative from inside the defense establishment, and is reported to be providing the ammunition for Dukakis's attack on Star Wars.

Not all of his advisers' advice has been taken to heart, or taken at once. Dukakis seems to have some kind of an aversion to expensive new weapons systems, even the chic Democratic ones, like the Midgetman and D-5 missiles. An activist critic of current defense policy who has been talking to "the usual suspects" in the weapons community found that most were more conservative than Dukakis. All "complained about how hard it was to get him to support a specific weapons system—any one. Trident was the only one on which all the traditional people agreed," the critic said, "but Dukakis didn't, and they all ganged up on him to support it. They said he was marginalizing himself by opposing it, that there are 'good weapons systems and bad weapons systems,' and this is a good one, and that it was really a stabilizing system, and so forth. Finally they bullied him into muttering something about continuing research and using Trident as a bargaining chip in strategic negotiations. And that's the best they can get out of him."

In place of new weaponry, Dukakis has thrown a rather large bone to the Pentagon in the form of the Conventional Defense Initiative, which would conceivably extend the defense-driven economic boom of the 1980s and at the same time harden his McGovernite image. Recently, leading defense contractors in Massachusetts told reporters that they were pleased with Dukakis's defense posture, as much as it can now be seen, because of his "green light" for nuclear R&D and his proposed conventional and tactical weapons buildup—which will rely heavily on electronic hardware. The 2,000 or more Massachusetts firms with defense contracts have made the miracle on such work.

The successor generation to Kennedy's B&B may be more attuned to the world of the 1990s, but there is no indication that it has changed its basic ideological thrust, which was, and is, a reliance on nuclear weaponry as the sine qua non of superpower strategy, an extension of that premise to cover a

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nuclear response to nonnuclear advances (as Dukakis himself suggested in a Democratic debate last spring), and "selective" (i.e., successful) intervention in Third World hot spots where American interests, as Allison & Co. perceive them, can be cheaply defended.

Chris Edley, a professor of administrative law at Harvard Law School who is on leave to be Dukakis's issues director, says he has "stacked" defense advisers "to the right" because he felt Dukakis "needed to hear" the prevailing views. Many of those advisers, as well as freelance commentators, have criticized Dukakis for naïveté, inexperience or, worse, incipient signs of McGovernitis. Allison himself has called attention to Dukakis's "lack of experience in national security," and Nye has charged that his defense positions are not "fully thought out." As the experts speak, Dukakis is bound to move closer to their ideas, particularly if the "stack" stays weighty on the right, and if his campaign targets the "persuadables" who voted for Reagan in the past two elections rather than the progressives who voted for Jackson and other Democratic liberals in the recent primaries.

"Dukakis has no constituency for progressive policies in national security affairs," an expert in the field who has *not* been called by Edley told me recently. "He seems slightly better than his advisers, but Carter seemed good during the campaign, then appointed Zbigniew Brzezinski as national security adviser and sided with him against Cyrus Vance when the chips were down. A President needs a political constituency as well as advisers to keep him from going for a centrist consensus position."

Dukakis has already been criticized for relying too heavily on Harvard, especially the Kennedy School, and perhaps for that reason he has given some prominence to one of his few senior advisers in Washington, Madeleine Albright of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies – the breeding ground for many of the worst and the witless of the Reagan era. Albright was both a student of and, in Jimmy Carter's White House, an assistant to Brzezinski. Like the exiled Polish nobleman, Albright is primarily interested in Eastern Europe and the liberalization thereof. Dukakis, however, has had little to say about the region. In fact, he has said almost nothing of substance about any region except Central America, where he steadfastly opposes the *contra* war in Nicaragua, and the Middle East, where he takes a line on Palestinian rights slightly to the Likud side of Reagan's. After a debate in Rochester, New York, during the primary campaign, Dukakis took such a hard line that even Albert Gore's aides were alarmed. "The Duke is in favor of self-determination for everyone except the Palestinians, and he's in favor of nuclear disarmament everywhere except in Europe against nonnuclear forces," one of them cracked.

While it may be possible to get a picture of a Dukakis Administration's defense strategies from profiles of his K School advisers, it is unlikely that his substantive foreign policy will be dependent on a self-conscious caucus of experts already in contact with one another, and thus predictable. Even so, right-wing Democrats are fretting loudly about Dukakis's Central America statements in favor of the Rio Treaty over the Monroe Doctrine and of multilateral solutions (via the Organization of American States) over unilateral, big-stick ones. But it would be surprising if Dukakis wanders very far from traditional centrist Democratic thinking. There's also a ghastly rumor that Dukakis may put *The New York Times*'s longtime Sandinista-basher, Stephen Kinzer, in charge of human rights or Central American affairs at the State Department, and it's true that Kinzer seems to be softening his coverage from Central America in preparation for that role. But even the Wellesley-Newton crowd would balk at that, and Dukakis will surely find his consensus demands a less controversial figure in a sensitive job. What's clear, however, is that he is not talking to serious critics of the structure of cold war foreign policy, although they are available in other Ivy League centers, if not at the Kennedy School. One begins to wonder whether the whole adviser system is stacked to the right.

As abroad, so at home. Dukakis's domestic economic advisers are scattered around the Harvard campus, but they have not coalesced yet into a single school of thought. The struggle for Mike's mind on money matters is being waged between the liberal and neoliberal followers of K School lecturer Robert Reich on the one hand and the conservative followers of Harvard economics Professor Lawrence Summers on the other. Reich is known as a "sectorialist" who favors significant government intervention to repair wounded parts of the economy, such as manufacturing, and to develop depressed regions. Summers is a traditional macroeconomist who is close to his departmental colleague Martin Feldstein, Reagan's first chair of the Council of Economic Advisers and the one most responsible for the "recession therapy" of 1981-82. Summers prefers to play with monetary policy and likes deregulation, the free market and private initiative rather more than their opposites. He is most concerned about deficit reduction, interest rates and savings accounts.

Reich, on the other hand, is big on jobs, "infrastructure" and "industrial policy," the code word for light-handed planning. He apparently had considerable input in the Dukakis administration's efforts to get the depressed parts of Massachusetts moving again, but he is said to be losing out to the less interventionist tendency when it comes to national policy planning. Reich is no radical, but his ideas cost money, and if deficit-reduction is a priority, he will be sacrificed to the center.

Dukakis has yet to make his choice, and indeed as of late last month he was still looking for an official economic adviser. What's likely is that he will operate in his usual way and try for a consensus among the various schools of thought vying for his attention. And out of consensus will come an economic policy very much like every other Democratic Administration's since the 1960s, conditioned by the need to defuse social conflict and appease the business class, contradictory as those goals often are.

Dukakis is certainly popular in Massachusetts, but the accumulated defeats and disappointments of ten years in the Governor's office and eight in the Legislature have taken their toll on the loyalty of his peers as well as the affection of the voters. And now that a few prominent cracks are ap-

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pearing in the well-worn Massachusetts miracle, the cheers of adoring fans are mixed with some boos.

The whole Dukakis administration appears responsible for the worst error of the season so far: a major unpredicted budget imbalance involving the loss, or misplacement, of more than $300 million in expected tax revenues, which will necessitate the excision of vaunted new programs (and the scaling back of current ones) from the Governor's next budget. Recently the University of Massachusetts announced that it would have to cut financial aid because of the imbalance. With an unemployment rate approaching less than zero and a crackerjack tax collection system installed by former aide Ira Jackson, it's hard to see why the accounts-receivables were so far out of line, but there it was in red and black. "Dukenomics: Now You See It . . . Now You Don't," the *Boston Herald* bannered cruelly. Rupert Murdoch's tabloid has not been enormously supportive of Dukakis since the heady first week of his candidacy last year, when it jumped completely overboard; but even the sympathetic *Globe* was shocked: "Dukakis gets bleak news, bad reviews on budget," it intoned. Whereupon fifty-eight Democrats in the State House of Representatives joined Republicans in a procedural vote taken as an expression of "no confidence" in the administration's economic management.

The budget mess in Massachusetts this year is not a world-class, World Series bobble on the order of the familiar Red Sox failure in the clutch; there is enough boom here to cover bigger errors than that. But if the press ever gets around to the scrutiny Dukakis has so far managed to avoid, it could be telling. The problem for Dukakis is not primarily the budget shortfall per se, embarrassing as it is, but what it suggests to the national electorate (or the small part of it that cares about political economy, as opposed to marathon imagery and questions of charisma) about his fiscal strategies, his management skills and his political methods.

Dukakis sets himself up as the competent manager par excellence. That is what differentiated him from most of his opponents in the late contest for the Democratic nomination. As for the future, he promises the neoliberal package of cheap but innovative social programs and significant debt reduction at the same time—through economic expansion and job growth, just like in Massachusetts. Chris Edley points to a speech the candidate made last November in New York at a forum sponsored by Governor Cuomo to promote Cuomo's National Economic Commission. In it, Dukakis laid out the bare bones of domestic Dukenomics: forge a new tripartite social compact of business, government and labor; invest in "infrastructure" and education; and create jobs. The resulting growth, he asserted, will bring down unemployment, reduce the deficit, allow interest rates to fall and encourage more private investment. "If . . . we had an unemployment rate of 4 percent today," he said, "the Federal budget deficit would be $70 billion less."

Yet now, all of a sudden, Massachusetts, with virtually "full" employment, has an exploding state deficit, catastrophic decline in the manufacturing sector, widening class divisions and unequal development in the state's several regions. It would have been too miraculous if the profits of the miracle had been distributed equally to all people and all parts of the commonwealth. In the decade between 1975 and 1985, 75 percent of the growth was in the Boston area, which has 50 percent of the population. The Dukakis administration has devised admirable programs for job creation, worker retraining and development of "infrastructure" (there's that word again; and it doesn't mean building bridges) in the outlying areas, but the results are disappointing. *The Globe* recently did a major survey of the economies of Berkshire County (the westernmost of the state) and of the area around Fall River, south of Boston. The former was declared more or less depressed while the latter was developing only insofar as it was an adjunct of the metropolis.

It is estimated that one-third of all manufacturing jobs lost in the United States were lost in Massachusetts. The fastest growing "industry" is the hotel business, where the preponderance of jobs go to semiskilled clerks and unskilled maids, waiters and maintenance workers. Union membership is declining here as elsewhere, and in the official promotional material the state sends out to businesses looking to relocate, Dukakis and Lieutenant Governor Evelyn Murphy actually boast of the profitability of the nonunion environment. Education is another hot growth sector, but when clerical and technical workers were conducting a bitter organizing drive this spring at Harvard, former Professor Dukakis (he taught at the Kennedy School of Government) stayed clear of the struggle.

Dukakis's biggest success in his own bailiwick this year has been the passage of a guaranteed health insurance plan for citizens not currently covered. Advertised as a "health care system," the plan is first of all an enormous bailout and windfall for the huge local hospital industry, which has been lobbying for more favorable financing procedures; and secondarily, a guarantee, five years hence, of "access" to private insurance (such as Blue Cross) for all citizens. Employers will be required to provide insurance for most workers, and the unemployed will be eligible for state assistance. Dukakis hopes to spread out the costs among businesses in a strategy the *Boston Phoenix* calls "leveraged liberalism." But some analysts foresee huge overruns that could ultimately cost taxpayers billions and further erode the shrinking middle of the income spectrum.

Even so, the access system is hardly the kind of comprehensive health care plan that liberal Democrats such as Representative Ronald Dellums were advocating in the 1970s and that Jesse Jackson backs this year. In a manner that has become typical of Dukakis's welfare programs, it relies on and thus solidifies the prevailing market conditions and social relations it encounters. In this case, it enshrines the wasteful and discriminatory policies of the private insurance industry and the hospital system with all its built-in class, race and sex biases. And politically, it co-opts the neediest constituency in the newly active health rights movement, making it harder to mount an effective campaign for radical change in the system. Dukakis, who thought even the minimum access plan was too costly for Massachusetts until legislators and liberal lobbyists gave it prominence last year, has now made it an emblem of his social agenda. It is that, and in more ways than one. □

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# BOOKS & THE ARTS.

## Squire Willie

ROBERT SHERRILL

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives. *By John B. Judis. Simon & Schuster. 528 pp. $22.95.*

If it is true that the evil men do lives after them, William Francis Buckley can be assured a certain kind of immortality. Or perhaps it is going too far to say that he did evil. That is probably too active a word. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he lived off evil, as mold lives off garbage.

The garbage he is particularly associated with is that which began accumulating in the right-wing alley about forty years ago: McCarthyism, which Buckley took part in by writing speeches for Senator Joe and by praising with majesterial clichés ("McCarthyism is a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks"); and the long-forgotten manifestoes of the Young Americans for Freedom, a frenzied campus movement which he helped found in 1960; and his pious defense of the kooks of the John Birch Society as "some of the most morally energetic self-sacrificing and dedicated anti-Communists in America." In those days Buckley lent his name – as adviser or supporter or officer – to virtually every major crackpot right-wing movement in America, and his ideological soulmates were a group that long ago were banished to history's padded cell: people like Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker, the Rev. Carl McIntire, Dan Smoot, Dr. Fred Schwarz, Revilo P. Oliver, the Rev. Billy James Hargis, James L. Wick and similar names, which, if you are a genteel person under the age of 45, have probably never passed your lips.

Today Buckley does not live off right-wing garbage or anything else because he is quite dead, and has been for at least fifteen years. At least that's my theory. But because the right wing is so sentimentally attached to its old shills, Buckley has been put away in hypothermal storage in the hopes that medical science someday will be able to defrost him and reactivate his brain. Meanwhile, the pretense that Buckley lives is carried on from time to time through stories about him, or ghosted under his byline, in such mortuary trade journals as *New York* and *The New York Times Magazine*.

As for the two-bit actor who plays Buckley on *Firing Line*, Lord knows he is a poor imitation, thinking he fills the part merely by uttering unintelligible gibberish through pursed lips while fiddling with pencil and clipboard.

Many members of the general public, less gullible than the literati, are beginning to suspect that Buckley is a hoax. For instance, in *New York* a subscriber writes, "More than anything else, Buckley seems a media creation. . . . Buckley is like the man in the aspirin ad who says, 'I'm not a doctor, but I play one on TV.'"

I'm not sure that John B. Judis agrees with my theory about Buckley's death, but I think he does, for his tone, as Buckley would have urged upon his biographer, is *De mortuus nil nisi bonum*. Of course Judis, being a good reporter, covers all the key periods of Buckley's life in *William F. Buckley, Jr.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives*: prep schools, Yale University, the Army, the Central Intelligence Agency, his work in books, his role as apologist for Joe McCarthy, the founding and operation of the *National Review*, his race for mayor of New York, his flunkying for Barry Goldwater and Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, his propagandizing for most of the right-wing governments of the world, and so forth.

Going that route, a good reporter simply can't *nil nisi bonum* all the time. But for my money Judis steps much too gingerly through the deepest putrescence and does not seem sufficiently to notice the odor of, nor seem sufficiently repelled by, the dishonesties and sleaziness and bullying and ideological rubbish behind Buckley's dandified pose. In that sense, his book has too much of the spirit of a sanitized obituary.

Perhaps the trouble is that it shouldn't be a book. The true highlights of character (especially those of a minor actor) tend to get buried amid book-length blather. In 1968 Garry Wills turned down a contract to do a book about Buckley, explaining that he didn't think Squire Willie was important enough to be the subject of a book. He was right. Buckley simply isn't that interesting as a topic. In this Age of Boesky, for example, one finds it difficult to get very excited over even the shadier side of Buckley's career, as when the Securities and Exchange Commission accused him of fraud in a business deal. Naturally, Judis, having made the mistake of writing a book about Buckley, would have us think otherwise about his choice of subject. He claims "it is impossible to understand American conservatism without understanding Bill Buckley's extraordinary life," but I don't believe that, and I come no closer to being persuaded by endorsements Judis offers from such great judges of character as Ronald Reagan, who called Buckley (at a banquet in his honor) "the most influential journalist and intellectual in our era."

Occasionally Judis, apparently sensing that the air is going out of his tire, tries to pump it up with superisms. "Empowered by an inexhaustible energy and driven by an insatiable curiosity," writes Judis, "Bill succeeded at everything he tried." And of course, "more often than not, his decisions were brilliant." Even Buckley's dopey physical mannerisms are presented as probable winners in the Special Olympics' category for facial contortions: "His left eye twinkled, while his right gauged reactions and plotted future sentences." But Bill of the dexterous eyeballs isn't the only wonderful person here. Oh no. Sister Priscilla is "enormously competent," wife Pat is "a brilliant hostess" and *National Review* editor James Burnham "had an encyclopedic knowledge of world events." Why, even Buckley's old buddy Whittaker Chambers, whose public personality was as somber as the ghost of Hamlet's father, turns out to be, underneath the gloom, a real sweetheart – "a jolly and very friendly man," as Judis describes him, or, in the words of a *National Review* editor, a "great corpulent ho-ho sort of guy." I tell you, that right-wing flock around Buckley really sparkles.

But, alas, all the pumping fails. Judis's labors – and they are admirable in many ways – cannot overcome the fact that Buckley was never very important and for quite a few years has been as irrelevant to the political contest of this country as his Cavalier King Charles spaniels are to the Westminster Dog Show or his two Bösendorfer pianos are

*Robert Sherrill is co-author of* Why They Call It Politics: A Guide to America's Government *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).*

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# "STOP THEM DAMN PICTURES"

That's what "Boss" Tweed demanded when he saw the handwriting on the Hall (Tammany, that is). But the pictures didn't stop. "Boss" Tweed met his maker in the Ludlow Street Jail and Thomas Nast put bitingly eloquent political cartoons squarely and permanently in the middle of American political life. Tweed aside, we think Emerson had it right when he said, ***"Caricatures are often the truest history of the times."***

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to the Van Cliburn playoffs.

Let us, using material from Judis's effort and elsewhere, give this unpleasant fellow an obituary rendered down to the proper length.

William F. Buckley Jr. was in every way the son and the ideological creation of his father, Will Sr., an oil man whose holdings at the time of his death in 1958 were estimated at $110 million. Father Will – a third-generation Irish-American whose own father had been a prosperous merchant politician in Duval County, Texas, a county of notoriously corrupt politics – held all politicians and the democratic process in contempt. He believed Nazi Germany much less harmful than Communist Russia. One of Will Sr.'s favorite authors, Albert Jay Nock, became a personal friend and was often in the Buckley household when Bill was growing up. Along with being antidemocratic, Nock was, at least in his later years, "virulently anti-Semitic." Young Buckley fell under Nock's spell and never quit quoting him. Another of Will Sr.'s friends, Merwin K. Hart, was one of America's most notorious anti-Semites for three decades.

Will Sr. raised Bill and his other nine children not merely as Roman Catholics but as divinely touched Catholics – "a small select group of individuals who are carrying aloft the flame of civilization in the face of an encroaching Dark Age."

From these paternal influences, Bill Buckley emerged spoiled for life. From a very early age he believed he had a straight line to God ("I can rely on God in almost any matter"), and it was just as well that he had made friends with the Almighty because he had no friends among his classmates, who, we are told, considered him "obnoxious." Even others in Buckley's own family, according to Will Sr., considered him a brat of "unbearably arrogant and dictatorial" manner.

The demands Buckley made of others, he never made of himself. That was particularly true when the flag went belligerently abroad. Anyone familiar with Buckley's teachings knows he was heartily in favor of sending America's youths to fight silly wars. But as for himself, he was anything but enthusiastic about getting shot at. When World War II came along, his brothers joined up. Not Billy. In November 1943 he received his draft notice. He waited. He was not inducted until July 1944 because of a sinus problem. And when he was called up, he asked to be placed in the infantry rather than in the Navy because, as he told his father, "there will be more chance for me to land a desk job of some sort." It was a dull but safe little war for our hero. After a totally undistinguished career in officers' training school (the justice of his being allowed to graduate was a matter of some controversy among his superiors), he spent the rest of World War II training recruits, teaching sex hygiene and fiddling with counterintelligence.

Thoroughly coached by his father in racial matters, Buckley stood foursquare against school integration and black voting rights. He never used the term "master race," but he looked upon the white race as "the advanced race" and he argued that the civilization it dominated would be undercut if blacks were permitted political equality. Judis says Buckley moved away from that position late in life, but we are given no dramatic evidence of a change of heart.

As for Jews, another group father Will despised and taught his son to despise, Judis insists that by the time Buckley got to Yale he had freed himself from anti-Semitism. As evidence of this purification, Judis says Buckley became a close friend of one Tom Guinzburg and forced a Yale club to accept Guinzburg although its members were cool to the idea. Sure, Buckley tolerated Jews, but he didn't want his sister to marry one. Literally. When Guinzburg and Buckley's sister Jane wanted to marry, old man Buckley said no way would a daughter of his ever marry a Jew, and young Bill took their father's side. Later in life Buckley did have many Jewish friends. But he never seemed terribly unhappy with the propagandists who perpetuated some of the nastiest anti-Semitism. Judis tells us that when *American Mercury* "published an editorial endorsing the theory of a Jewish conspiracy to take over the world promulgated by the fraudulent *Protocols of Zion*," some friends of Buckley urged him to dissociate the *National Review* from the *Mercury*. Others on the *Review* board argued that it wasn't Buckley's job to attack anti-Semitic right-wing publications. Buckley sided with the latter group and kept quiet, although he did tell his staff they couldn't write for the *Review* and the *Mercury* at the same time.

In that instance, as in several others,

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one may reasonably assume that when editor Buckley was confronted with a forced choice between following his principles or maintaining a cash flow, he opted for the latter. I cite in evidence another episode well told by Judis.

It seems that at first, and for several years, Buckley had one hell of a hard time keeping his distance from the John Birch Society, which he feared – with its theory that Communists were literally in charge of the government – would bring ridicule to everyone on the right wing. Buckley wanted to break with the J.B.S., but then he discovered, to his "alarm" (Judis's word), that its national council included fellows like Adolphe Menjou and Clarence Manion who were extremely close to the *National Review*, plus a couple of the magazine's top advisers and writers were on the Society's editorial board, and worst of all, the *National Review*'s chief financial supporter, Roger Milliken, was a J.B.S. member.

Uh oh, he better go slow. When money was involved, br'er Buckley could crawfish with the best of them, and he did in this case. True, he feared that the J.B.S. might lead the right wing toward fascism; true, he thought the J.B.S. was replete with the kookiest of kooks. But Buckley was too cowardly to try straight off to purge the right of these guys. He "tempered" his criticism of Robert Welch, head of the J.B.S., we are told, and aimed "the brunt of his criticism at Welch's philosophy rather than at the Birch Society itself." Mustn't irritate Mr. Milliken. Indeed, his criticism was so veddy, veddy temperate that Welch wrote Buckley to thank him for being so "honorable."

Buckley's attitude toward homosexuals threw a garish light across some of the most publicized portions of his career. Why did he feel the way he did about them? How exactly *did* he view them? Was he in any way compensating, and, if so, for what? Judis says that "in the early portraits that his parents commissioned, Bill could be mistaken for a pretty little girl." And he quotes one of Buckley's childhood friends as recalling, "A lot of us thought he was a little bit effeminate." Yet other recollections picture him as not so much a sissy as just bitchy. Grown up, he apparently displayed (according to some friends) none of the phony macho stuff that might hint at a cover-up. Murray Kempton, a longstanding friend of Buckley, once noted that the private Buckley regularly showed the benign "qualities we like to admire as womanly." When Buckley was in officers' candidate school, he stopped his platoon in the midst of maneuvers to pick a flower (costing them demerits) – a gesture, it's true, that might be associated with a Wildean character, but with Buckley it probably just represented his proper contempt for military authority.

Buckley's most celebrated marathon quarrel was with Gore Vidal. Their original falling out came as a result of an evening on *The Jack Paar Show* in 1962. On that occasion Buckley called Vidal a "philosophical degenerate." (Sometimes, of course, you can't tell Buckley's enemies from his friends without a program. Norman Mailer, whom Buckley counted as a friend, had been favored with the designation "moral pervert.") That feud simmered along until 1968, when Buckley and Vidal were hired by ABC, allegedly as commentators for the Democratic National Convention but in fact as spiteful clowns who were expected to spit on each other. And did. The spitting reached a climax in a famous exchange, Vidal calling Buckley a "crypto-Nazi" and Buckley calling Vidal a "queer." Then, losing his cool entirely and threatening to sock Vidal "in the goddam face and you'll stay plastered," Buckley demanded that Vidal "stop making allusions of Naziism to somebody who was in the last war and fought the Nazis," a comical upgrading of his role in the Army.

After the Buckley-Vidal encounter, Buckley's wife, Pat, howled in pain, "Two hundred million Americans think William F. Buckley is a screaming homosexual and I've got to do something about it." Why did she think so? And what exactly did she have in mind to correct the impression – a heterosexual demonstration on the tube?

Then Buckley and Vidal really started rolling in the gutter, or, to be more precise, in *Esquire*, where charges and implications from both sides whirled around the genie of homosexuality, and wound up with Buckley suing Vidal and *Esquire*. But, in Judis's words, "fearful of a jury trial" (why "fearful"? did he think he would lose? we aren't told), Buckley settled with *Esquire* and dropped his suit against Vidal. *Esquire* paid a piddling $15,000 in cash and agreed to buy $100,000 in *National Review* ads, which in itself was a kind of corporate act of perversion.

What are we to make of all that?


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That Buckley hated "queers"? Earlier he had described Vidal as a "pink queer." Perhaps it was the pinkness that Buckley hated. He certainly didn't hate all "queers." He was, as their mountainous correspondence shows, extremely fond of the gray "queer" Whittaker Chambers. He was an admirer of the purple "queer" Roy Cohn, and of the yellow "queer" Bob Bauman, whom he had considered a comrade in arms since the days when they worked together setting up Y.A.F. And special mention should be made of Buckley's strange support of the beige "queer," Al Lowenstein. In 1976 he endorsed Lowenstein, a liberal Democrat, against incumbent Republican John Wydler, despite the fact that the endorsement gravely hurt Buckley's brother in his tough fight for re-election to the Senate against Daniel Moynihan. Buckley endorsed Lowenstein again in 1978.

Indeed, as Judis notes, there was the notable "presence of several homosexuals among his closest associates." Simply because Buckley proposed that homosexuals with AIDS be tattooed on upper forearm and ass, does not mean he didn't *like* them. He treated all his friends that way. It's really surprising that he didn't propose having John Kenneth Galbraith and his other liberal friends tattooed on the forehead, to stop the spread of their plague.

Buckley's overblown legal battles had a tendency to end on an almost comical note. In 1980 the weirdos at Liberty Lobby sued *National Review* for linking it to Lyndon LaRouche. *NR* countersued, charging that the Lobby had libeled it by suggesting that the magazine advocated child molestation and was a close ally of the American Nazis. Liberty Lobby's lawsuit was thrown out of court, but *National Review*'s countersuit went to trial.

Mark Lane, Liberty Lobby's lawyer, told the jury that "*National Review* since its inception has been a racist, pro-Nazi, pro-Fascist publication. It has no good name. That is what this case is all about. . . . You must determine what the good name of *National Review* is worth. The figure '2 cents' keeps coming into my mind."

Considering the heavy judgments that are usually made to the winner in such cases, it can be assumed that the jury sort of agreed with Lane about *NR*'s "good name." The magazine had demanded $16 million in damages; the jury gave it $1,001. What really made Buckley furious over the outcome, though, was the fact that outfits like *The New York Times* and *Newsweek* discussed the case as a fight between *equals*, just a couple of yowling alley cats on the right.

When Buckley went to Yale, it was probably the most conservative of Ivy League schools. But father Will looked upon it as the centerpiece of the liberal establishment, so naturally son Bill entered Yale thinking so too. Here was his first real training as an exhibitionist: His stunt was to challenge all things Yalie just for the sake of challenge. Buckley was a lousy student, but Judis has a ready excuse for that. It wasn't that Buckley's intellect was limited, oh, no. He was just made for livelier things. "Buckley might have excelled as a student at Yale, but he was not interested in scholarship or even in the play of ideas. He liked debating with his professors in class, where the response was immediate, but even during his first two and a half years at Yale, before he was consumed by the *Yale Daily News*, he never read beyond what was assigned in class."

In fact, from earliest manhood Buckley had the mind of a huckster. And the only thing he wanted to peddle was himself. When he finished at Yale, he asked Archibald MacLeish if he thought it would be a good idea to go on to graduate school to study political science. MacLeish said yes, because it would help Buckley discover what he thought. Buckley replied, "No, I know what I think. The question is whether this will be helpful to me as a salesman. Will this credential help in getting heard?"

Time and again Judis tries, without success, to rescue Buckley's mind from the obvious measure of its shallowness. All evidence shows Buckley running about an inch deep as student, as journalist, as writer and as lecturer. It is a trail strewn with gimmickry, little else.

His shallowness as a writer was something he settled for gladly, and from the very start. When he graduated from Yale he briefly thought about doing a broad, general study of American college education, but that would have meant real labor, so he opted instead for a quibbling book focused on the one school he knew something about. The result was *God and Man at Yale*, which was essentially a vanity press operation. Regnery, which brought it out, was barely solvent; the Buckleys paid most publication and publicity costs. To read *God*

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*and Man at Yale* today is to enter a mind-set as outdated and outlandish as Sax Rohmer's. The basic idea of the book is that the alumni of Yale should force the school to toe the Christian/capitalist line and fire any professor who doesn't toe it, too. Buckley seemed particularly incensed by a professor who said religious sanctions against premarital sex were antiquated and unrealistic.

If *God and Man at Yale* was lightweight, *McCarthy and His Enemies*, which Buckley wrote with his equally intense and slightly wackier brother-in-law L. Brent Bozell, scarcely tipped the scales at all. Having as its goal the rationalization of McCarthy's irrational actions, the book fell upon the marketplace, in the words of Dwight MacDonald, as "a laborious piece of special pleading which gives the effect of a brief by Cadwallader, Wickersham & Taft on behalf of a pickpocket caught in the men's room of the subway."

Judis says Buckley's political writings (except for *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, which he rates as "stylistically brilliant") are "pedestrian." That is much too much praise. In fact, anyone with the courage to read back through Buckley's work will find no bright insights, no generosity of spirit; its best passages are what one critic called "verbal tinsel," and its worst what another called "verbiage swabbed in clotted fat."

Example: "The conservative has two functions, the paradigmatic and the expediential. It is with reference to the latter function that I tend to prefer the Moynihan plan to the congeries of alternatives."

And: "His dalliance with and insecure instrumentation of interventionist fiscal economics reflects nothing more than the regnant confusion among economic theorists, and the acquiescence even by free market economists in the proposition that it is a political necessity to talk imperiously in the economic seas, even though we all know that the President sits on the throne of King Canute."

By the early 1970s Buckley's circle was devoid (except for Burnham) of the independent minds that had challenged him, honed him and, within the strange context of his earlier rebelliousness, had kept him somewhat honest. Now he was surrounded by such mushroom egotists as John Kenneth Galbraith, Richard Clurman of *Time*, *New York Times* editors A.M. Rosenthal and Arthur Gelb, *Newsweek* editor Osborn Elliott, Irving Kristol, John Chancellor, Theodore White, Daniel Moynihan and, shudder, Norman Podhoretz. Buckley actually helped organize a luncheon group made up of some of these dandies. They called themselves – are you ready for this? – The Boys Club. At about the same time, Buckley joined the ultimate boys' club, the Bohemian Grove. He was sliding faster down the slippery slope.

In politics, Buckley became a skilled practitioner of *flagornerie*. To show his admiration for Henry Kissinger, Buckley would swallow toads by the bucketful. Judis excellently details how Nixon and Kissinger did some classic co-opting of Buckley, cuddling up to him and asking his advice and taking notes on all his wise remarks – and then promptly dumping them in the wastebasket. Buckley admitted that he was being manipulated, and apparently loved it.

When Buckley complained about some of the Administration's policies, Kissinger would get him aside and say, in effect, "Hey, I'm going to prove we're right by letting you in on some R-E-A-L secrets, but you must promise not to reveal them." It was Kissinger's favorite way to sucker big-name journalists. Others knew what was going on and Buckley became a joke around the Administration. David Keene, Vice President Spiro Agnew's top aide, put it this way: "Bill was very con-able, partly because he did want to be in, and Kissinger gave everybody that he talked to in those days the sense that they were indeed 'in.'"

That desire was Buckley's death. The irritating brat who once had made a career of being out now wanted with all his frozen heart to be in.

He passed without a belch into the bowels of the conservative establishment, and, along the way, Buckley's morality as a journalist, never high, disappeared altogether. When I say "never" high, I mean you can go back to his days as head of the Yale newspaper and find that even then he was using the journal under his command as a propaganda device; in that instance, he was a stooge for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which was trying to intimidate left-wing professors. At the *National Review* he continued to stooge for the F.B.I., and broadened his usefulness to stooge for the C.I.A. and every tramp actor on the right-wing circuit. Friends with integrity began to fall away. In 1971 Garry Wills, probably the brightest talent ever to work at the *National Review* and a vigorous advocate of Catholic morality,

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became so disgusted with the magazine's ideological vulgarities that he wrote Buckley, "I think the magazine's standards of veracity and honor are scandalously low." The Buckley-Wills friendship, once close, completely fell apart when Wills suggested in a column that with four ex-C.I.A. agents on its staff, there was reason to wonder if the *National Review* wasn't an agency operation.

Among the several reasons for thinking so was the *National Review*'s precarious finances. When the magazine was launched in 1955, with $290,000 allegedly raised from 125 investors, Buckley said it would probably lose $210,000 in its first year, $100,000 in its second, would hope to break even in its third year and be earning $100,000 in its fourth. Actually, the trend was exactly opposite: a loss of $252,000 in 1956, of $292,000 in 1957, and a staggering $388,000 in 1958. As of June 30, 1958, the *National Review*'s assets were about $270,000 and its debts almost $1 million.

In *Danger on the Right*, Arnold Forster and Benjamin Epstein note these numbers and add, "Exactly how these tremendous losses were met is not known." It is a point that Judis does not clear up.

Buckley says he joined the C.I.A. in 1951, not long after graduating from Yale, and, under the cover of an export-import business, served in Mexico City briefly before getting bored and quitting. He remained friends for life with his case officer, Howard Hunt, of Watergate fame. Because of that friendship, Buckley at one time knew more about the Watergate scandal than any other journalist in America, but he revealed nothing.

Whether or not Buckley was a lifelong operator for the C.I.A., as some think, is a matter of little importance; he may have, as he claims, quit soon after joining. If he had stayed on the payroll he could have given no more support to the agency, and given it in no more distasteful a fashion than he did as a "journalist." When Gen. Augusto Pinochet ousted Chile's President, Salvador Allende, in 1973 and proceeded to kill, jail or exile one out of every hundred Chileans, the *National Review* played this up as a wonderful development; moreover, maintaining his magazine's usual standard of objectivity, Buckley hired a member of the Pinochet government as his correspondent in Chile.

Quite a few *National Review* editors and writers had their way paid on junkets to Chile by the illegally operated Chilean lobby Buckley helped found and which he served as an adviser. (Judis tells us that Buckley himself had already set the standard by going on expenses-paid trips to Chiang Kai-shek's Taiwan, Franco's Spain, and South Africa and Rhodesia.) Final proof of Buckley's quality as a journalist came when he guided the *National Review* in an all-out campaign to discredit Orlando Letelier (a former official of the Allende government assassinated by Chilean secret police in Washington in 1976) by suggesting again and again that Letelier was a Cuban or Soviet agent, although he must have known that the Chilean lobby's own investigator had reported there was no evidence that Letelier was any such thing.

When I think of the many years that Buckley was a fan, if not an agent, of the C.I.A., and when I think of the many influential liberals and moderates who permitted him to lure them into "friendly" relationships, I imagine the many file drawers at the agency that may be crammed to the brim with his snitching. Blair Clark, once head of CBS News and also once editor of this magazine, says Flora Lewis told him the following story of "friendship."

Right after World War II, she and her husband Sydney Gruson were newspaper correspondents stationed in Mexico City. "She said there was a charming young man living with his new wife in an apartment near them. He was fresh out of Yale, studying there or doing something connected with the family oil business (I forget which). She said he often used to drop by to talk – about everything under the sun from gossip to philosophy and why the world was the way it was. Many long evenings of conviviality and chat.

"The Grusons traveled around Central America on their beats and they would routinely check in at the local U.S. Embassies to get the scoop. They began to notice that the security people in certain embassies were taking an unusual interest in them, and once or twice things they had said about political matters (but not in public) were quoted back to them – on Marxism, chances of democratic development here and there, the cold war, etc. They thought it odd that their thinking was so well known to C.I.A. types, and they finally figured out (and, I think, once were shown proof) that the source of the paper trail in the Latino world was entirely none other than their charming young buddy from Yale, W.F. Buckley Jr.

"Now, the Grusons, since divorced, were always extremely upwardly mobile and I have never heard it said that they ever contemplated throwing bombs. [Gruson retired not long ago as vice chair of the New York Times Corporation.] Which did not prevent the young C.I.A. agent Buckley from sending along his

FRAGMENT OF A WOMAN FROM KOS

At first all you see are the folds
of drapery, high grass close together, swaying
beads you parted as a child, field behind
the house, then river. Sky.
You were told finches lived there, red-
winged, tipsy, upside down their hold
on the reeds, even so
they sang, trilling over and over
your outstretched hands song
poured like seeds from a basket or from
a bowl, water.
There was a woman,
young, beautiful—you used to hug her
from behind, closing your hands
over the cry of surprise
she gave out
like perfume. Now here
she is, rising
from the dead
landscape of memory, just this
fragment of her, still
kneeling.

*Susan Mitchell*

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'intelligence' reports on them, through government channels."

The greatest tribute to Judis's honesty is that nearly half of this book is devoted to tracing Buckley's visible decay as a right-wing spokesman. There is nothing heroic about his decline, nothing dramatic. It doesn't involve a twist of fate. It is simply the result of two things: shallowness (once again) and too many soft spots in his character.

Judis admits that by 1964 Buckley had said everything he had to say and would forever after be nothing but an ideological sideshow, that he had reached "the end of his development as a political thinker" and "he accepted that his intellectual role would be that of a popularizer and controversialist." By the mid-1970s, he was growing tired even of that role and, says Judis, seemed to be losing interest in politics entirely.

So much for Buckley's shallowness. As for his lack of character, that was amply demonstrated in his unwillingness to continue living the hard life of the outsider.

Snob though he was, Buckley gained his notoriety by riding the ugly crest of a right-wing anti-intellectualism that passed for populism in the 1950s and early 1960s. This was the strength of the McCarthy movement. "At McCarthy rallies," as William Manchester has pointed out, "they sang 'Nobody Loves Joe but the People,' and politicians were convinced that dark masses of troubled voters stood behind them." After Roy Cohn was dismissed from McCarthy's committee, a rally in his support was held in New York's Hotel Astor at which Rabbi Benjamin Schultz (the kind of Jew Buckley liked for sure) declared, "The plain people know that the loss of Cohn is like the loss of a dozen battleships." Buckley was there to applaud heartily, for although he detested "plain people" he knew that McCarthy's strength lay in their fears. The rabble was his army of the night, armed with piety. Likewise, it was the populist sweep behind Barry Goldwater's movement that doubled the number of *National Review* subscribers and for the first time made Buckley a voice to be noticed. Buckley had contempt for Goldwater and agreed with *National Review* editor Burnham that Goldwater was a "second-rate" candidate "surrounded by third- or fourth-rate persons." Privately Buckley ridiculed Goldwater as "Our Hero" and acknowledged to *National Review* editors that the very sight of the Senator on TV gave him "a sinking feeling." But with his usual cynicism, Buckley gave no inkling of his doubts in public and was only too happy to accept the misbegotten populist surge that inflated his journal's income.

But the snarling populism of the right wing that lifted Buckley up eventually brought him down. By the early 1970s, the new right was well on its way to deballing him. It had the gutter rebelliousness that Buckley no longer possessed; now he was soft. When the new right accused him of being an intellectual pansy, he made the mistake of fighting back by accusing its spokesman, Kevin Phillips, of being so gauche as to try to lure George Wallace into the conservative movement. He should never have challenged Phillips to a literary battle, for Phillips crushed the elitist piffle out of him with columnar broadsides such as this:

"Hell, Wallace isn't going to hook up with Squire Willy and his Companions of the Oxford Unabridged Dictionary. Nor can we expect Alabama truck drivers or Ohio steelworkers to sign on with a politics captivated by Ivy League five-syllable word polishers. . . . Most of the 'New Conservatives' I know believe that any new politics or coalition has to surge up from Middle America . . . not dribble down from Bill Buckley's wine rack and favorite philosopher's shelf. . . . There was, of course, a time when Bill Buckley was anti-establishment – back in the long-ago days when he was an Irish nouveau-riche cheer leader for Joe McCarthy. But since then, he's primed his magazine with cast-off Hapsburg royalty, Englishmen who part their names in the middle, and others calculated to put real lace on Buckley's Celtic curtains."

Realizing that he was much too out of shape to fight with this young ideological ruffian, Buckley quickly retreated to his study, explaining to one of his editors that he would not again respond to Phillips because "I have simply nothing to say to someone who is proud of his ignorance of [Eric] Voegelin [one of *National Review*'s philosophical saints]."

Since at least the mid-1970s, mere ownership of the *National Review* was not enough to give Buckley clout (after Burnham's death, it became an untended garden of weeds, and Buckley himself seemed to lose interest in it, if for no other reason than that, as Hugh Kenner, a close friend and briefly one of his editors, once said, "*National Review*

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has some of the dumbest readers in the world"). He became less enraptured of right-wing idiocies and more tolerant of liberal mushiness.

And why not? Faddish liberals supplied the oxygen for his lowering flame. As Dan Wakefield once noted, Buckley "is becoming 'incorporated' into the public rituals of the society he attacks . . . and increasingly the rebel becomes a favorite performer before audiences who wholly disagree with what he says, but would defend to the death his right to entertain them by saying it – and the louder he says it, the louder they applaud."

Buckley became like Primo Carnera, who, having won the world's heavyweight boxing championship by fluke and having lost it through clownish lack of talent, turned to the wrestling circuit. No longer a journalist of any repute, Buckley's wrestling circuit comprised mainly campus lectures and *Firing Line*. As in wrestling, much depended on hokum, contrived animosity and opponents willing to take a fall. He delighted in luring liberals and left-wingers onto *Firing Line* and, having them physically cornered, pelting them with ad hominem accusations and nasty innuendo, "likening their views to those of suspected or admitted Communists. It little mattered whether his guests were also his friends." But such is the perversity of many establishment liberals that they actually thought it cute of Buckley to sidle up in a friendly way and piss on their legs.

As for his campus audiences, he practiced "what he called 'rhetorical brinkmanship' in order to gain their attention. At Rutgers, he called a Democratic think tank a 'zoo,' described Communists as 'barbarians.'" Hey, wow! It all became rather pitiful. "Bill," a friend once said of him, "has been impersonating himself for thirty years."

I wonder who it is that's impersonating Buckley now that he's gone? □

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# MUSIC.

## GENE SANTORO

### Living Colour

Using the mongrelized sounds of rock and roll, the key questions Living Colour poses on their debut album, *Vivid* (Epic), deal with racism in this country. Take the pointed, frantic, punk bash "Which Way to America?," which describes the chasm still dividing America into two unequal parts a generation after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. "I look at the T.V./Your America's doing well/I look out the window/My America's catching hell/I just want to know which way do I go to get to your America?" Then, over a stomping drums-only backdrop: "Where is my picket fence?/My long, tall glass of lemonade?/Where is my VCR, my stereo, my T.V. show?"

In fact, *Vivid* poses two levels of questions, one simply by its existence. That's because Living Colour is led by guitarist/songwriter Vernon Reid, who's also co-founder of the Black Rock Coalition. The B.R.C. began a couple of years ago as a cooperative for black musicians (and also artists, actors and others) dedicated to breaking the color-bar stereotypes and marketing categories imposed by the recording industry. This industry-wide segregation works by organizing and describing sound by race. Every major record company has separate a&r, marketing and publicity departments to handle r&b (read black) artists. Radio stations, especially in lucrative urban markets, are categorized by the supposed color of their audiences, and the music they play is programmed by their consultants accordingly. Retail outlets organize their bins and departments to follow suit. Publications that survive largely on industry support, from fanzines to trade journals, follow the industry's lead: Even jazz magazines, covering a field clearly dominated by black players, tilt heavily toward whites, especially in big features. So the lock-up is about complete.

From the industry's standpoint, this kind of segregation has the obvious advantage of neatening the crazy quilt of sounds it sells. Black musicians are expected to follow one of three or four permissible prototypes for the music they're told "their" audience wants to hear. But however obvious the advantages of this policy may be to a large, established and ever more consolidated industry, the equally obvious problem is that the music spills ungraciously over even such apparently fixed borders as race.

Given the relative weakness of the musicians' share in this marketing game it's no surprise that the struggle is usually not resolved in their favor. If blacks are "supposed" to play a certain constellation of styles for their preassigned black audiences, and if to get a hearing for their music they have to make it fit the pre-existing slots, most times they will oblige. Nor should it come as a surprise to learn that these racially segregated arrangements aren't reciprocal: White musicians can still appropriate black styles like funk as easily as Pat Boone covered the hermaphroditic, gospel-driven raunch of Little Richard thirty years ago.

The B.R.C. has tried to reformulate the debate about these topics by insistently pointing to the racism and economic inequalities that structure it and seeking ways to escape its contradictions. It uses two basic approaches. One is a regular program of meetings of musicians, writers and anyone else interested in music to address the racism in the industry: how and whether to set up alternative methods of recording and promoting black musicians who don't keep within the accepted formats, or how to combat white dominance of high-priced, high-powered, high-profile synthesizer technology.

The other part of the B.R.C.'s attack aims at infiltrating the clubs. In a kind of floating guerrilla road show, they've staged performances at a variety of venues all over New York City: artsy sites like the Kitchen, punk havens like CBGB, Third World centers like S.O.B.'s, downtown hip-rock pockets like Siberia where their last show was a fund-raiser for Jesse Jackson. The purposes have been several: to raise money, to publicly re-evaluate accepted myths about black and white roles in American pop music history, to introduce a variety of musicians to different audiences and – driving all the others – to educate those audiences to the racism and politics underlying the musical categories through which all the music they hear is funneled. (To find out more about the B.R.C., write to P.O. Box 1054, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276.)

While the B.R.C.'s lineup of bands boasts a tremendous diversity, the blaz-

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ing jewel is Reid's Living Colour. When he started the first version of the group four years ago, Reid was known primarily as one of the younger jazz-based players coming along on New York's downtown scene; he'd played with the swaggering Decoding Society of Ornette Coleman's ex-drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson for years. But like most players under 40, he had grown up listening to and playing all kinds of rock-based sounds. He became determined to find a way to mold them all into a musical shape he could call his own.

The Living Colour quartet successfully realizes that ambition in its astonishing range and sure-footed commitment to exploring cross-cultural sounds regardless of origin or destination. Like rappers mixing different sorts of records on their turntables, Living Colour thrives on the phenomenal breadth of its musical influences: hard core metal raveups slam into bluesy ballads and psychedelicized pop; lilting Caribbean inflections collide with hip-hop scrambles of prerecorded material and touches of funk. One of *Vivid*'s killer tracks is a drastically rearranged version of the Talking Heads classic "Memories Can't Wait," which sharpens its edge on a long rideout of overdubbed guitars that wheeze and groan like a Cajun band on acid. There's no small irony in covering a cut by a white group that first broke into the mainstream by covering Al Green's "Take Me to the River."

This talent for coming up with the unexpected shapes everything the foursome does. Opening in hip-hop fashion with a snippet from a Malcolm X speech and closing with John Kennedy's "Ask not what your country can do for you" and F.D.R.'s "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," "Cult of Personality" unwraps its coiled riffs as Corey Glover pumps his big, supple voice along a list of warnings: "I'm the smiling face on your T.V./ . . . I exploit you still you love me/I tell you one and one makes three/I'm the Cult of Personality." Reid's guitar solo blisters and screams its anger in response, while bassist Muzz Skillings and drummer Will Calhoun whip the rhythms into outrage.

It's obvious from those lyrics that Living Colour isn't shy about its commitment to combining music with social commentary, and a quick run-through of some song titles confirms that: "Cult of Personality," "Desperate People," "Middle Man," "Open Letter (to a Landlord)," "Which Way to America?" But the beauty of how they sculpt their attack comes not just from what they say, but from the way they shuffle sounds to match words. It's a tack as contemporary as the forty-eight track studio.

Look at how "Open Letter to a Landlord" is built. It kicks off with a sweet-chording guitar that floats rubato in mournful anticipation behind the chorus: "Now you can tear a building down/But you can't erase a memory/These houses may look all run down/But they have a value you can't see." Suddenly the song snaps into a hard strut driven by Skillings's stuttering bass and Reid's crunchy, swerving chords and snarling fills, as Glover wails: "This is my neighborhood/. . . I call this place my home/You call this place a slum/You wanna run all the people out/This is what you're all about/ . . . Last month there was a fire/I saw seven children die/You sent flowers to their family/But your sympathy's a lie/Cause every building that you burn/Is more blood money that you earn/We are forced to relocate/From the pain that you create." It closes with guitar feedback whistling into the sound of an elevated train rattling along. What's created is more than a descriptive song; it's a physical, three-dimensional sonic portrait that puts you into the rhythms, the stances, the scene.

They do that just as deftly for the more personal themes as well. The satiric "Glamour Boys" bounces along its buoyant Afro-Caribbean dance groove as it cuts the superficial party lovers who spend their lives chasing the right club and the right clothes. The pseudo-bottleneck swells weeping through "Broken Hearts" match its age-old laments with 1960s-style blues: If it recalls the Stones of *Beggars Banquet*, that's partly because Mick Jagger plays harp on it.

The sheer mastery they deploy puts their messages over, and their fierce but friendly stage show has helped Living Colour attract and hold a growing multiracial audience during their long search for a record deal. In fact, the buzz about them going around New York lured Mick Jagger and Jeff Beck down to CBGB one night over a year ago to see them. Blown out by their set, Jagger – whose Stones started life as a cover band doing "black" music – offered to produce a demo they could shop around for a deal (the two tracks he produced show up in finished form on the album); eventually, they wound up at Epic. To its credit, that arm of CBS seems genuinely interested in promoting what it has signed. □


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# ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

## Gauguin

I have lately found it valuable to view the Western pictorial tradition as falling into three main phases, at roughly 300-year intervals: circa 1300, 1600 and 1900. It is possible to think of these as marked by different ways of construing space, though this can be but part of the matter. The first period, beginning with Giotto, is defined by that progressive investigation into natural appearances that culminates in Leonardo and Raphael. Its agenda was to arrange colors and forms on a flat surface so as to engender an illusion of objects in real space. The viewer is strictly excluded from the space into which he or she appears to see, like a disembodied eye. The second phase aspires to a different order of illusion, one which envelopes image and spectator together in what, in his lectures on Caravaggio, Frank Stella somewhat misleadingly terms "working space." We find a good statement of the third phase in some remarks of Maurice Denis, a member of the "Nabi" school of painting, whose members, including Pierre Bonnard, took their inspiration from Paul Gauguin: "A painting, before being a war horse or a nude woman or an anecdote, is essentially a flat surface covered with colors arranged in a certain order." Under this description, internal and external illusory space are repudiated, and paintings are made almost specifically to stifle the possibility of illusion, as if the work consists only in its own surface.

Denis's words were written in response to an exhibition in 1889 of an ensemble of paintings done by Gauguin in Brittany, Arles and Martinique. "Here were heavily decorative surfaces," Denis went on, "powerful in hue and rimmed with brutal strokes, worked in *cloisonné*, it might have been said, because *cloisonnisme* and again *Japonisme* were words that were then in the air." Neither decoration nor ornament, implied by the reference to cloisonné, are today regarded as fit models for painting, but even so I shall think of the third phase as beginning with Gauguin, inasmuch as modernism in art must in all its aspects be traced to him. This view is massively supported by the extraordinary exhibition of more than 240 pieces by Gauguin, in all the mediums he worked in, on view at the National Gallery of Art in Washington (until July 31, after which it goes to the Art Institute of Chicago from September 17 to December 11 before its final venue in the Galeries nationales du Grand Palais in Paris, from January 10 to April 20, 1989).

These periods did not develop out of one another spontaneously, as if the history of art consisted of an internal evolution of forms and pictorial possibilities. I have heard it argued that Renaissance naturalism was an artistic response to the Franciscan movement of the thirteenth century, in which nature was celebrated as the creation of God, to be cherished for its beauty rather than deplored as a vale of tears. Caravaggio and his contemporaries did not merely continue, but actively transformed the ideal of the Renaissance, not as a matter of internal artistic necessity but in compliance with an external mandate by the Church, as part of the Counter-Reformation. I do not know what external event it was that might stand as a cause of modernism. "Contemporary art is weary of itself," the Belgian critic Émile Verhaeren wrote on the occasion of an exhibition in Brussels to which Gauguin contributed a carving and a ceramic pot, "and in order to renew itself returns to its sources." It is an interesting question why art had grown weary of itself in the last decades of the nineteenth century, and why its makers were all at once open to the primitive, which has "source" as one of its meanings. There is a sense in which Western civilization had lost the belief that it stood at the apex of progress or believed that progress had been bought at too heavy a cost. In any case, "primitive" art, which until then would have been dismissed as a mere anthropological curiosity, or as evidence of the inferiority of the cultures that produced it, became instead an inspiration. The weariness remarked upon by Verhaeren is of course sounded in Mallarmé's famous poem, which begins with the lament, "The flesh is sad, and I have read all the books" and climaxes with the imperative "Fuir là-bas!"—flee this exhausted civilization and seek spiritual renewal *là-bas*, among the savages.

What set of causes, external to the history of art, explains the dissatisfaction with the art of masterpieces and at the same time accounts for the abrupt transvaluation of artistic values through which *primitive* art became, rather than the Old Masters, the model to aspire to, remains a historical mystery. Whatever the explanation—the death of God? the human-all-too-humanness of mankind?—it would have to account for a great deal more than simply what was happening in art during the *belle époque*.

Gauguin liked to think of himself as a savage well before he undertook his mythic transit to Tahiti. One of the works to which Verhaeren might have referred was a ceramic pot Gauguin made in the winter of 1889, molded into a portrait of himself "like the head of Gauguin the savage," as he put it in a letter. It emulated a primitive pot in that it was intended to contain something—it was a tobacco jar—and it looks almost pre-Columbian (Gauguin liked to boast that he was in part Inca, and in fact was brought up in Peru). There is no doubt that he intended a magical association between image, substance and content, and it was a work of which Gauguin thought sufficiently well to have offered it, as if offering himself, to a woman he was desperately in love with. He portrays himself with it in a painting in which he also portrays his great painting from his sojourns in Brittany, *Yellow Christ*. It is irresistible to interpret the painting, *Self-Portrait With Yellow Christ*, as composed of three self-portraits—as artist with his works; as savage in the depiction of himself on the tobacco jar; and as Christ. (A painting from the same year, *Christ in the Garden of Olives* makes this identification explicit and unmistakable since Gauguin there gives his own features to Christ.) The three works, like the three persons of the Trinity united in a single presence, define his artistic achievement as he viewed it at the time, as well as his own moral situation, so far as this can be distinguished from his artistic projects.

Consider the pot first. Gauguin was a singularly experimental artist, and much taken up with questions of the integrity of materials—one of the premises of modernism. His prints exploit exactly those qualities of physical transfer from plate to paper that are the essence of print-making. He does not try to make prints that conceal their own processes: For him the process must be present and visible in the product. But similarly as a carver or a ceramicist, Gauguin strove to render salient the essence of the medium and the procedures of working in it. "The character of stoneware," he wrote, "is that of a very hot fire, and this figure [himself], which has been scorched in the ovens of hell, is I

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think a strong expression of that character." But beyond that he shows himself as "a poor devil all doubled up to endure his pain" – connecting the sort of image that goes with the medium together with that attitude toward himself and his life. The catalogue essay puts it precisely: "Gauguin has represented himself as the accursed artist, prey to the torments of creation, which are indeed expressed by the very nature of stoneware."

*Yellow Christ* of course emblemizes, as a crucifixion, the suffering that generates the moral tradition of the West. But it is difficult, aside from subject matter, to see any internal connection between this meaning and the medium of paint. Still, there is a connection between its style and its message. *Yellow Christ* is painted in the way that made such a strong impression on Maurice Denis, in a deliberately primitivized, intentionally naïve manner, rough and rude, hence eloquent in its repudiations. The color yellow is used to underscore that there is no intention, hence no failed intention, to mimic the visual appearances of flesh. Indeed, throughout this period (and throughout Gauguin's work from this period on) colors are used "primitively," that is to say, unmixed, as they come from the tube. The distant fields are in cadmium yellow. The trees, outlined in Prussian blue, are in cadmium orange. Three Breton women are shown kneeling, as if they are the three Marys, at the base of the cross. They are wearing characteristic Breton costumes, and it is worth contrasting the manner of their depiction with the sort of highly academic treatments of a Breton woman, such as *Woman From Brittany* by the largely forgotten painter Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret, a precise example of the sort of art of which artists had grown weary. (It was the kind of work snapped up by wealthy collectors, and is part of the Potter Palmer Collection in Chicago, where I hope it will be shown when the Gauguin show is there). The headdress, with its ribbons and trim, documents what a Breton woman would wear on a festive occasion, starched and gleaming white. Gauguin has reduced the Breton coifs to abstract, heavily outlined shapes, both here and in his slightly earlier *The Vision After the Sermon*, where costumed women pray in the foreground while Jacob and the Angel wrestle on a vermilion field. "The two bonnets at right are like monstrous helmets," he wrote to Van Gogh; and it is altogether clear that the primitive mode in which he represents these figures was intended to express these women – "very rustic, very *superstitious*." Of course the biblical combat exists only as their vision, so perhaps the appearance of Christ, in a rude form correspondent to their own rudeness, is meant to be a sign of grace.

For all I know, Gauguin may have seen himself as conferring a comparable grace upon the Tahitians, presumably primitive enough to appreciate him as a kind of god. In *Noa Noa*, his strongly fantasized account of his life there, the Tahitians called him "man who makes men," and fashioning men in one's own image was early recognized as a divine prerogative. Dagnan-Bouveret's *Pardon in Brittany* was shown at the Exposition Universelle in Paris in 1889, while Gauguin's works, which were shown to such effect upon the Nabis (a word that, incidentally, means "prophets"), hung across the street in the Cafe Volpini. The analogy between his sparse admirers and Christ's few disciples could hardly have been overlooked.

Let us now concentrate on the painting that shows these two works together with their creator and subject. *Self-Portrait With Yellow Christ* is painted in a manner different from that of the *Yellow Christ* and of course different in all respects from the portrait of the fired pot. So the painting is a fusion of three styles. The style of the painting itself – of Gauguin's face especially – is very much the appropriated style of Cézanne, surely in tribute to Cézanne. In 1890, Gauguin did a portrait of a woman in the manner of Cézanne with, just so there would be no mistake, a painting by Cézanne as background. So to show himself as a Cézanne is as metaphorical a representation as to show himself as a fired pot or as a burdened Jesus. (Cézanne evidently had no reciprocal admiration for Gauguin, whose art he referred to as "Chinese images.") All three styles, as well as their triune combination, announce a break with the tradition that goes back to Giotto and peters out in the academicism of Dagnan-Bouveret – an artistic tradition Gauguin regarded as a huge aberration, a monstrous error. He viewed the Impressionists as perpetuating that error, and as belonging to the tradition that he set himself and Cézanne against. He was in no sense an "optical" artist, engaged in optical experiment. He was a conceptual painter, and his identification with primitivism was due to his belief that primitive art was intellectual and, in his words, "cere-


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bral." It is worth observing that among the words used by Picasso to describe what he admired in primitive art was that it was *raisonnable*. Gauguin saw his art, as he saw that of so-called primitive peoples, as having little to do with mere sensory appearance. "How safe they are on dry land, those academic painters with their *trompe l'oeil* of nature," he complained to one of his disciples. "We alone are sailing free on our ghost-ship, with all our fantastical imperfections."

Three years later, he sailed away, with all his fantastical imperfections, to the South Seas, with which he will forever be associated in the myth that makes it so difficult for us to see him for what he was – the great reinventor of art. The South Seas have figured in our moral consciousness since the reports of Captain Cook as a land for moral lotus-eaters. Kant refers to the life in the South Seas as one of "idleness, indulgence and propagation" – what Baudelaire, and later Matisse in a work that would have been unthinkable without the model of Gauguin, term *Luxe, Calme et Volupté*. It was not as such, Kant thought, a life one could rationally will. Gauguin's life is often condensed as follows: He abandoned wife and career as a stockbroker to run off to the South Seas to paint. It is a standard moral conundrum whether, even if a great artist, he was justified in putting his art above his responsibilities – a question loaded by the hedonism associated with the South Seas and by the somewhat vengeful judgment that he was anyway not a very great painter. This judgment is advanced by Somerset Maugham in a preface to the novel to which we by and large owe the myth. In any case we are obliged to judge him against a moral criterion very few artists have had to face. Van Gogh's reputation has survived the lopped ear and the suicide, as the auction records demonstrate. *He* may be exonerated on grounds of insanity, routinely suspected as the condition of great artists. Gauguin, by contrast, appears to have made a moral choice inconsistent with a concept of duty made central by Kant. And just because rational, his authenticity as an artist is suspect.

Gauguin's reasons for his flight *là-bas* were complex. In some ways they were altogether practical – he believed he could live without cost in a banana-land of free food and sex on demand. Against these beliefs, the story of his calamities is sad and comical: He was arrested for swimming nude and spent his meager francs on prostitutes and canned goods. Still, the discrepancy between dream and reality could not have been so vast, for he made a second trip, ending up in the Marquesas, where he died in 1903. He must on both occasions have had a marvelous sense of sailing forth to a paradise – a *Nave Nave Fenua*, to use the title of one of his pictures – full of flora in primary colors, ornamental birds, awesome statuary, as well as bare-breasted wantons. That vision is almost architecturally translated in the Washington exhibition, since we mount a stairway from the early difficult years, in Paris, Arles and Pont-Aven, to a second floor, where it really does feel like entering an exotic heaven. At the head of the stairway, on the facing wall of the first gallery, is a painting of a Tahitian woman by the sea, gazing out over Art Nouveau waves, whether toward France to convey the feeling the artist had come too far, or toward the Marquesas, in case he had not come far enough.

But the conjunctive image of woman and waves was a recurrent motif in Gauguin, almost from the beginning, and the curious truth is that Gauguin was in many ways more a savage in Europe than he was in Tahiti. *The Siesta*, an early painting from Tahiti, uses classical perspective and illusory space and reverts to Impressionist uses of color, as if, perhaps, the flat expanses of unmodulated paint would not be sufficiently convincing – as if he were after all furnishing ethnological documents of a place too lush for his modernist vocabulary. He would have been truer to his discoveries had he painted Tahiti in France, as the Douanier Rousseau painted his jungles, from botanical models in the Jardin des Plantes. Primitivism is a state of mind, as he ought to have known, which can easily shatter against colonial reality. So I like the Breton work best, guided perhaps by an aesthetics of roughness, of the unfinished, which we owe as much to Gauguin as to anyone.

He was a muddled man, tormented and inconsistent and reckless. Maurice Denis, who owned the *Self-Portrait With Yellow Christ*, wrote, movingly and exactly: "Gauguin, who had so much disorder and incoherence in his life, would stand for neither of these things in his painting. He loved clarity, which is a sign of intelligence."

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2200

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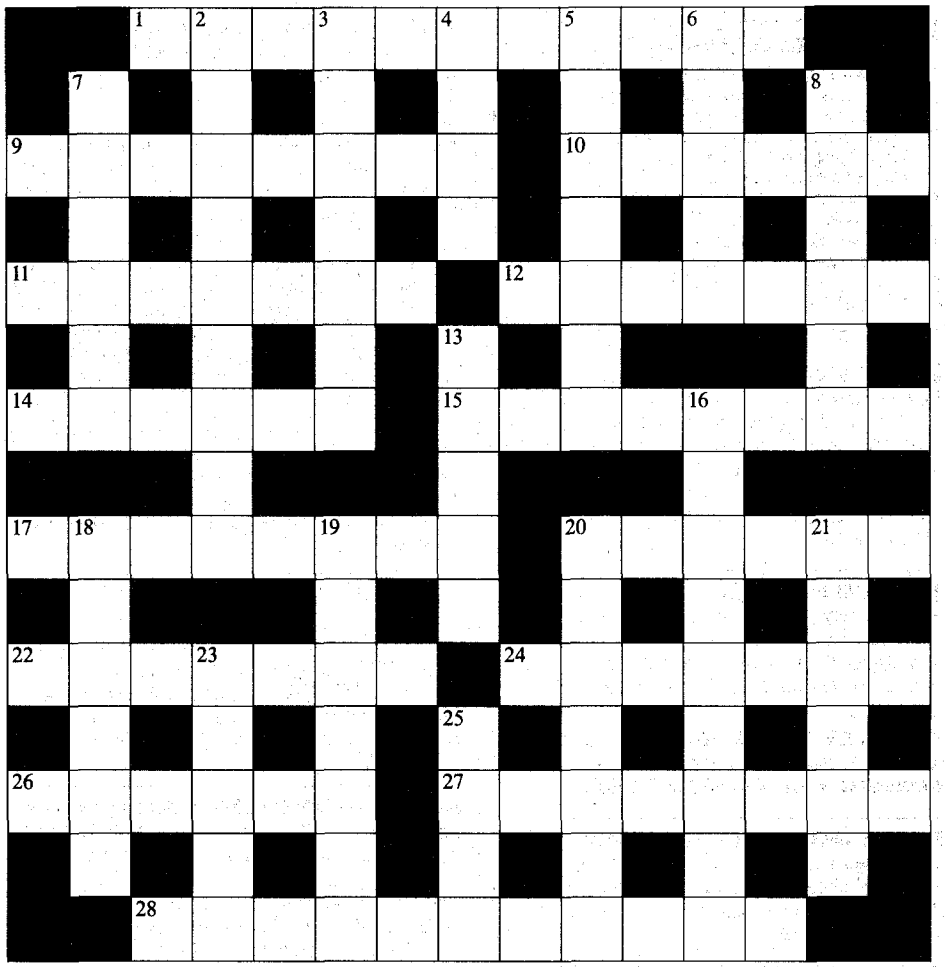
X-523

# Crossword Puzzle No. 2201

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 13 down
9 The state of the French jurisprudence continues to exist. (8)
10 and 22 Her gatherings included many famous people, but it would be difficult to find the life of the party. (6,7)
11 The last three quarters of one half repeated on a thing that a haymaker might cut short. (7)
12 Becomes real mad when frightened? (7)
14 Sounds like a wallflower description, if French —as a primrose should be. (6)
15 The old merchant ship makes a brave display, perhaps, around the morning hours, especially. (8)
17 Mine had better not be like some stockings! (8)
20 On the surface it might be a drain, but some politicians have to put up with it. (6)
22 See 10
24 Being a short month, it's one up on the French—taken in groups such as a square dance. (8)
26 Does the baseball team make such an effort to get the opponents? (3-3)
27 Being alert, as they say, one gets a certain type of training. (2,3,3)
28 Burn the French with a high bid on a second-rate film—Bedelia has no place to sleep! (7,4)

DOWN

2 Many newlyweds make a cleaner investment this way, but that's where one reputedly is uninfluenced. (2,1,6)
3 Very strong in music, but sort of leans around a bit, perhaps. (7)
4 Killed, perhaps, which is quite a twist! (4)
5 What happened when the sheep got injured and wandered all over the place? (7)
6 Was the place bewitched? (5)
7 Sounds like a 21—not entirely a wheel—just on the outside. (6)
8 Comes up with a higher degree (Old English), having a lesser degree—which is a very small thing. (6)
13, 25 and 1 across Evidently the early arrival for the tennis match has to worry about the initial ace. (5,4,5,6)
16 An up-coming employment when the first man is around, which is evidently enough to make one sick! (2,7)
18 Peers to find one little line over another as an equivalent sign . . . (6)
19 . . . and a line separating 18 as a global affair. (7)
20 It might involve telling about a little over a hundred, with the environment coming up some time afterward. (7)
21 Undeniably, one in the air evidently had the saintly quality of Santa Claus! (The Spanish went inside when "Lobo" turned up!) (6)
23 Being less than energetic, the beast starts out almost slow, at the beginning anyway! (5)
25 See 13 down

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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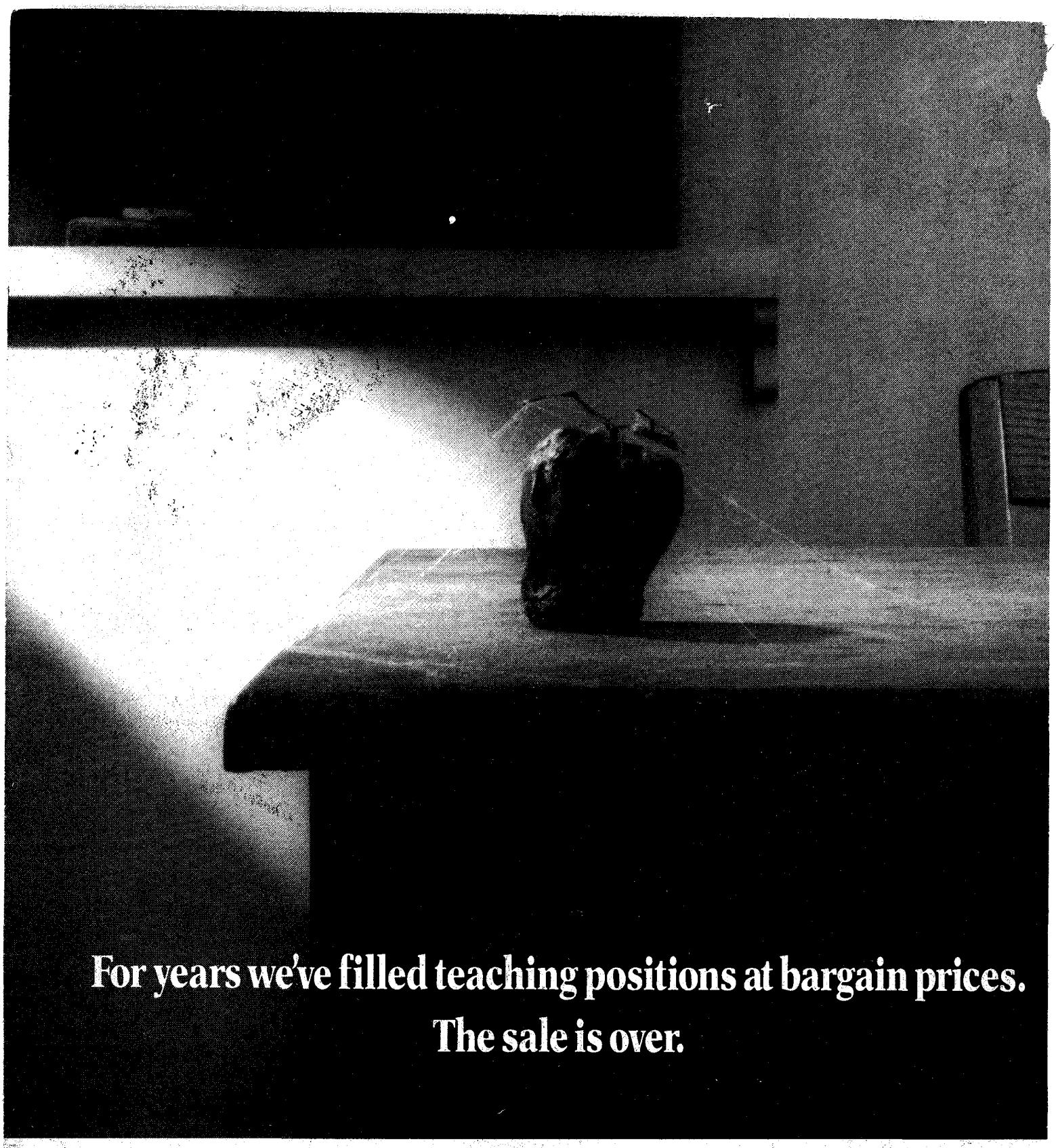

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